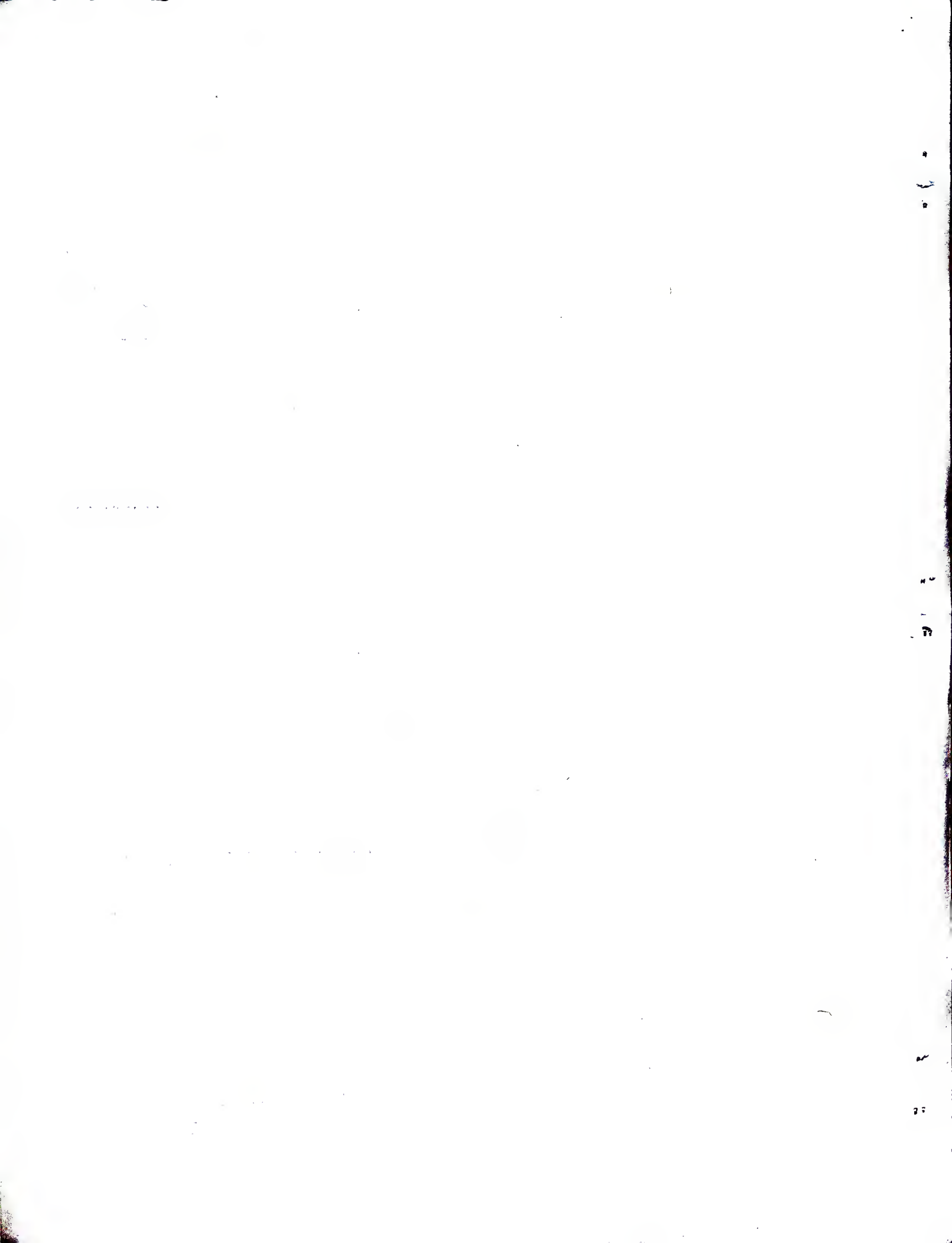


A Poul Anderson Special



Lan's Lantern #47



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Dedication

To Kathy, my loving Wife,
 And to Poul Anderson, the Storyteller

Why You Are Getting This

- Contribution in this issue
- Contribution in an upcoming issue
- Comment or LoC received
- Trade You wanted one.
- We're in an APA together
- I thought you might find this interesting
- This is your last issue unless you do something
- Please contribute to the Gordon R. Dickson Special by September 30, 1999.

Lan's Lantern #47 is published and edited by George "Lan" Laskowski, 2466 Valleyview Drive, Troy, MI 48098-5317 USA. E-mail: george_laskowski@cc.cranbrook.edu *Lan's Lantern* is available for the usual, even money (like about \$2), and the whim of the editor. The opinions expressed herein are those of the contributors, and may or may not be those of the editor. This is Lantern Publication #34, a division of LanShack Press Unlimited. *Lan's Lantern #47* is copyright © December 1998 by George J Laskowski Jr, unless otherwise noted. All contributions become the property of LanShack press, but will be returned upon request. All right return to contributors upon publication.

From the Editor

Close Encounters with Poul Anderson

By Lan

Most of my interaction with Poul Anderson has been through his fiction. I recall vividly his story "Flight to Forever," also known as "No Return", which I read early in my SF reading years in an anthology of stories I found in the library. I never forgot it, and looked for a personal copy of the story, which appeared in the November 1950 issue of *Super Science Stories*. It worked on my "sense of wonder" and expanded my understanding of the possible spiral nature of time. I eventually found it, and enjoyed reading it again. That story, together with his novel *Tau Zero*, the short story "Kyrie" and a few others sparked the article, "The Limits of Eternity" which I wrote for this issue.

I enjoyed his books on and off through the years, not really keeping track of what he was writing and publishing, but the number of his books in my collection kept increasing. I have still not read every book of his in my library, but it is a project I am very much looking forward to.

The first time I actually met the man was in January of 1976, when he was the Guest of Honor at local convention. Being new to fandom, I was unfamiliar with many of the protocols and committed a serious one with Poul. At the "Meet the Guests" party on Friday night, I came from my room with a box of Anderson-authored books to get his autograph. I interrupted his conversation with the convention chairman Ro Nagey to ask for his signature on a dozen or so books. He was gracious to this neofan, sat at a nearby table, and put his name on every one of them. I found out the next day that an autographing session had been scheduled with Poul Anderson.

The second and third times I spent time with Poul was at another local convention where he first he was the Guest of Honor, and then came to visit again because his son-in-law Greg Bear was the GoH. I was on a panel with him one of those times about writing, and the comment of his that I remember distinctly was, "It's not so much I like writing, as I like having written." There was a general nodding of agreement among the panelists.

Conversations with him those weekends were too few, but it was wonderful to talk with Karen, Astrid and Greg as well as Poul, and his grandson Eric (who was born to Astrid and Greg just a few days before the convention).

In 1989 at a party, Michael Kube-McDowell asked if I had read Poul's then-latest novel, *The Boat of a Million Years*. I hadn't at that time; I didn't know a new Anderson novel was out. Mike said, "This is the best Poul Anderson that I have read in several years!" Taking that as a recommendation, I purchased the book at my next convention and read it soon after. I agreed with Mike's assessment, and nominated it for a Hugo the following year.

My interest in filksongs and filking has waxed and waned

through my years in fandom. I have heard many good and bad filkers, and many good and bad filksongs. One of the many songs written by Poul Anderson has become a standard of excellence, even though someone else wrote the music. The song was written for (and is found in) *World Without Stars*. It is a love song sung by Hugh Valland of his wonderful "Mary O'Meara." The way I heard the story behind the music is that Poul had written a tune for it, but few had heard his melody. At a convention during one of the late-night filk sessions, Anne Passovoy sang the lyrics to the tune she had composed. Poul was passing by and heard the familiar words. He stopped to listen. When she finished, Poul graciously said, "Your music is better than what I wrote; keep it!" So the tune was officially sanctioned by Poul himself. In 1998 at the Ohio Valley Filk Fest, "Mary O'Meara was awarded the Pegasus for "Best Adaptation".

When I made the announcement that I was going to be collection material for this special issue, Poul sent me a letter thanking me for the honor, and asking if there was anything he could contribute. I sent him a couple of suggestions, and also mentioned that I would be doing a special on Gordy Dickson next year. Would he like to contribute to that? A few weeks later I got both something for this issue and something about Gordy. Who could ask for more?

Of course, I was delighted to work my way through some of the volumes of Poul's work that I have in my collection. I read a good deal of his books, enough to write more than one article about him. My diagnosis of pancreatic cancer was a mixed blessing, and one of the advantages was that it allowed me time to read his stuff, as well as compile the massive (though incomplete) bibliography of his writing.

Poul has received many awards for his writing. He is in possession of seven Hugo Awards and three Nebula Awards for his short fiction. In 1978 he was given the Gandalf Award as a Grand Master of Fantasy, and this year, 1998, Poul was awarded the Nebula Grand Master.

I have had a wonderful time collecting the material for this zine, and reading the books of his that I might never have had a chance to get to. I have enjoyed what others have written about this wonderful man and author. And I hope you get the same pleasure as you read this issue.

THE NEXT ISSUE will be a general issue, I hope, but the one following will be a special on Gordon R. Dickson. Please send in any articles, art, stories, reminiscences, tributes, and whatnot about Gordy that you may want to see in print. I look forward to putting a zine as wonderful as this one together in his honor. The deadline is September 30, 1999.

Gordy Dickson has been Poul's friend for several decades. They have written more about each other than any other pair of writers, so it is fitting that Gordy contribute to this special issue honoring Poul. This was first written for and printed in the SFFWA Bulletin and is reprinted with permission of Gordon R. Dickson.

Poul Anderson: Grand Master of Science Fiction and Fantasy

By Gordon R. Dickson

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Everyone is creative. Everyone, necessarily, must be so to survive; but most use that uniquely human ability every day to solve their daily problems, without paying much attention to how they do it. Possibly, many of them could do much more with it if they had the will to do so and they realized the possibilities. But the fact remains that the overwhelming majority do not.

As a result, there is a great difference between that majority and the few who consciously, willingly – often, in fact, fascinatedly – put creativity to work for them from an early age to build a lifetime record of accomplishment. But why only so few, and what makes these few choose to do it?

The answers do not give themselves up easily in the case of Poul Anderson. He has simply called himself a “storyteller” – but modesty aside, those words should be written in letters ten feet high, wherever books are available. To begin with, Poul did not plan on writing as a life work – his choice at the University of Minnesota was physics, and physics also demands creativity. But writing is what he has ended up doing this last half-century. And writing only it has been. He did not choose or have to interrupt it with paycheck work to balance the budget, or for any other reason. He spoke for fees occasionally, but only when invited. He did not stretch himself to gain public attention. He was able to let his books find his own readers, in numbers sufficient to let him live decently and put in the hours doing the work he wanted.

Meanwhile, once he had settled in California, his address there did not change. His marriage to his remarkable wife, Karen, and their family, have been enduring, loving and traditional. Physically and mentally, the man you see today is little changed from the old friend who once had the room next to mine in a private home that rented to university students.

He remains a tall, erect, broad-shouldered and powerful man with a thick shock of hair; strongly principled, interested not only in writing, but in walking, mountain climbing, poker, science in all its areas, history – and all the

myriad other subjects to which an active writer's hunger to know would attract him. As a result, his readers fall through his words effortlessly into living the life of the book that has been unmistakably written by him.

This is not by accident or the result of a keen working interest alone. It is that and other elements, gathered up and distilled by Poul's own unique perception, itself honed by time and continual development, into a sensitivity that finds an echo in the reader's own life experiences.

It is an ability at the heart of writing, one vital skill all writers – consciously or unconsciously – work toward and achieve as they continue to write.

But still, what was their genesis, these books done over the last half-century by this brilliant but apparently so open man, so lacking in the idiosyncrasies, wild adventures and dark secrets that those fabulous creatures called authors are popularly supposed to need for what they create? It was in the unique combination of interests, attitudes and joy in the work of writing itself that make up the unique person who is Poul.

Even those who do not work with their creative abilities are aware – viscerally aware, if at no other level – that each of us appears only once, and then will never be heard and seen again.

Since time began, there has been no other person who thought or lived exactly like you or I; and once we are gone there will never be another like either of us. That is why we all instinctively feel the tragedy in wasted human lives, stunted lives, the cruel cutting short of lives, unfinished or of those too young to have had a chance to leave their mark on the stony walls of time.

Only those who are lucky enough to survive and who are also strongly, consciously aware of the limitation of their time do not waste their days. And when eventually the question arises in them as they begin to feel their age – as I assure you it does – that question finds its answer in the shape of what they have accomplished.

In the case of a writer, that can be as simple as pointing to some bookshelves and saying, “It is there. How worthy

or unworthy is a matter only time itself will answer. But the record is there. Go and look!"

The individual human being is ephemeral. His or her work is not. What has been written, published and read goes into the patter of life that determines the future development of our kind. Forgotten, perhaps, either permanently or only for a while – even Shakespeare was not immediately recognized and went into eclipse for a while in the years following his death – but he is with us almost daily now, while the name of Kit Marlowe and his "mighty line" is relatively unknown to are present

generations.

None of that matters. What does is that in their own time, these and all other writers touched the fellow humans of their own time; and that touch was passed on to the race as a whole to become part of the historic force that shapes the people who follow across the years and centuries.

And, among other reasons, it is for this particularly valuable one that we add the name of Poul Anderson to our list of Grand Masters.

When I contacted Harry Turtledove to ask him about contributing to this special issue, he was more than happy (in spite of his initial disclaimer) to send me something. As you will year, he has a special fondness for Poul, and an admiration that is very apparent from his tribute.

Poul Anderson

By Harry Turtledove

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Getting asked to write about Poul Anderson is one of the toughest assignments I've ever had. This is not because I can't think of anything to say, but for exactly the opposite reason: because I can think of too bloody much. Poul's done too many splendid things to need me to talk about him. He's been one of the leaders in this field for longer than I've been alive, and I'm older than I like to think about these days. That doesn't make him any too old, though – it just means he started writing at an uncouthly early age, and he's been at the top of his form ever since, with no sign whatsoever that he'll slow down or decline any time soon. And a very good thing, too, says I.

A couple-three years ago, Tor books sent me a bound gallery of Poul's then-latest story collection, *All one Universe*, for blurbing. My reaction then was about the same as my reaction now to being asked to do this piece: who the devil am I, to be asked to blurb Poul Anderson? I did finally come up with something there. What I wanted to say was this – what went through my mind was something like the reaction of a kitty cat on viewing a tiger: "That's what I want to be when I grow up!"

Anyone who knows my work will know who influenced me; the top two names on the list, well ahead, I would say, of anyone else, are L. Sprague de Camp and Poul Anderson. Every so often, when I say that the back of a character's hand was "thick-thatched with golden hair" or the like, I sort of nod and smile to myself; I know whence and why such a turn of phrase would occur to me. Because I've read an awful lot of Poul Anderson's stuff, that's why.

And who hasn't? If ever a writer hit the ground running, Poul's the man. The first two sections of *Twilight World*, "Tomorrow's Children" and "Logic" were written just after the end of World War II. Together with "Children of For-

tune" the book is one of the very first post-nuclear holocaust novels ever, and still one of the better ones – and I'm not sure Anderson was old enough to vote or buy himself a legal beer when he wrote those first two stories.

Well before he was thirty, he'd also turned out *Brain Wave*, one of the really good books about man becoming superman, and a couple of the best, most intelligent, and most provocative fantasies ever done, *The Broken Sword* and *Three Hearts and Three Lions*. The Norse myths are as legitimately Anderson's as they are Tolkien's; Poul's translated sagas himself, and has the advantage any scholar does who can work with his materials in the original: he gets them unmediated by anyone's perception but his own.

And, though *Three Hearts and Three Lions* is taken all in all a serious book, it has some of the funniest bits on all of SF and fantasy. Anderson doesn't always get appreciated for his sense of humor, which I think is a damn shame. When he turns it loose and lets it rip, as in "The Barbarian" (one of the funniest Conan parodies ever written) or "A Bicycle Built for Brew" (aka *The Makeshift Rocket*) or the Hoka stories (co-written with Gordon R. Dickson), I defy you to read him without rolling on the floor and laughing your asteroids off.

Actually, I don't think I'm going to spend a whole lot of time talking about Poul's fiction. It's there. It's wonderful. It's beautifully written. It's intelligent and full of a sense of history and a sense of the tragedy and joy of life you won't find anywhere else. It's impressive not only because of its quality but also because of its range. He's done science fiction and fantasy and mysteries and nonfiction and nonfact essays and historical fiction. He's a terrific novelist who short fiction is, if anything, even more varied and thought-provoking than his myriad of novels. He is, as I've noted, a distinguished translator, and also a formidable poet, both in styles

based on the Norse and in the different disciplines of English verse. And he is a man who, even in our contentious and freedom-loving field, stands out as a conspicuous lover of freedom for all mankind.

You don't need me to tell you all this. I'm assuming you already know it. If you don't, you won't have a hard time finding out for yourself. Any Border's or Barnes & Noble will have at least half a dozen of his books on the shelf. Any SF specialty store or second-hand bookstore will have dozens more. So ... don't take my word for it. Go see for yourself. You'll be glad you did.

I've admired Poul Anderson the writer – and it is, believe me, sincere admiration in that I've learned about a third of my licks from him – since the early 1960s. Getting to know Poul Anderson the man took longer; I'm still slightly boggled that it happened at all. I'd seen him on a convention panel or two in the 1970s, and brought books for him to sign when he appeared at eh late, lamented A Change of Hobbit bookstore, but that, even with the bull session afterwards, hardly counts. I made his acquaintance, thanks to his excellent historical novel *The Last Viking*, the story of Harald Hardrada, who was king of Denmark in the middle of the 11th century.

Early in Harald's career, he, like a lot of Scandinavians, served as a mercenary under the Byzantine Empire. Anderson, as always, did his homework for that part of Hardrada's life very well indeed. But, having what was then a fairly new-minted degree in Byzantine history, I found a couple of tiny nits to pick and sat down and wrote him a letter picking them.

Whereupon he proved he was indeed a fine gentleman – as if I hadn't already known that from his writing. I promptly got a letter back not just acknowledging what I had written but thanking me for it. This is a level of generosity (to say nothing of a level of efficiency of correspondence) to which I can only hope to aspire.

To move ahead a few years, my wife Laura and I read *Three Hearts and Three Lions* to our two older girls as a last story before bedtime. They were as delighted with the work as we had been; Alison guessed along with the giant on the riddles, and Rachel, who's the tenderhearted one in the family, burst into tears when Hugi the dwarf died. I dropped Poul a note letting him know he'd pleased a new generation, and again got a prompt and gracious reply.

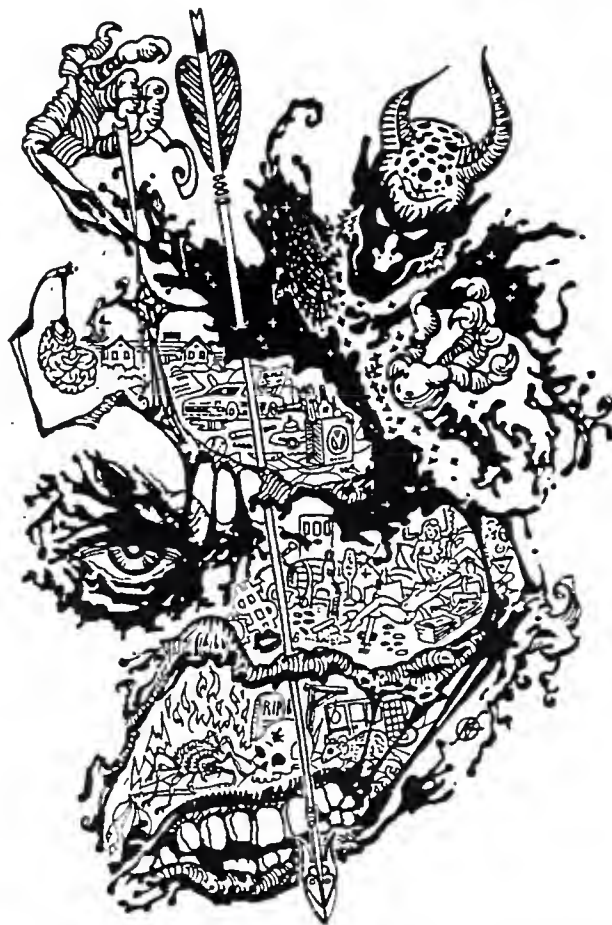
I've noted the influence Anderson has had on my work. The most over instance of this is in the genesis of *The Case of the Toxic Spell Dump*. He and his wife Karen (a fine writer herself) were in the audience at the infamous magic and technology panel at the 1991 World Fantasy Convention in Tuscon. Alexandra Honigsberg remarked that any way of manipulating the environment, whether by magic or technology, has consequences, whereupon I made a crack about toxic spell dumps that later turned into a novel. It was intended to get a laugh, nothing more, and did, from the Andersons among others. *Spell Dump* is of course a direct descendant of Poul's magnificent *Operation Chaos*, which is in turn a descendant of Heinlein's groundbreaking *Magic, Inc.* We see farther (and in the case of *Spell Dump*, get sillier) by standing on the shoulders of giants.

The following spring, when *The Case of the Toxic Spell Dump* was in progress, I went up to the Bay Area to attend

Contact – and, not incidentally, to listen to Poul talk about worldbuilding, which gave me things to think about that I've been using ever since. Again, he and Karen were excellent company, and, at the banquet, after a particularly politically correct ecological ballad, he turned to me and murmured, "makes me want to go out and shoot a spotted owl," at which I didn't quite snarf my beer – but not, I assure you, from lack of effort.

The past couple of years, he and Karen have been coming down to Los Angeles to attend a local book show – and we've been meeting for drinks and dinner and much good talk. And Poul recently paid me what I think is the highest compliment one writer can give another: he was kind enough to say that *Spell Dump* made him think about the world of *Operation Chaos* and see new possibilities there where he hadn't before. The result, *Operation Luna*, will be out next year. I'm fortunate enough to have seen it in manuscript; it lives up to its predecessor, higher praise than which I cannot give. And it includes several puns so atrocious, I would have been ashamed to put them in *The Case of the Toxic Spell Dump*. Well, on second thought, maybe I wouldn't have. But what does that say? I know Poul's influenced me, as he has so many writers of my generation. But to think that I might have influenced him, even a little ... that's mind-boggling in a way SF can't be. It also suggests I might have had some idea what I was doing when I got into this business after all. If I did, I'm following a damn fine example.*|

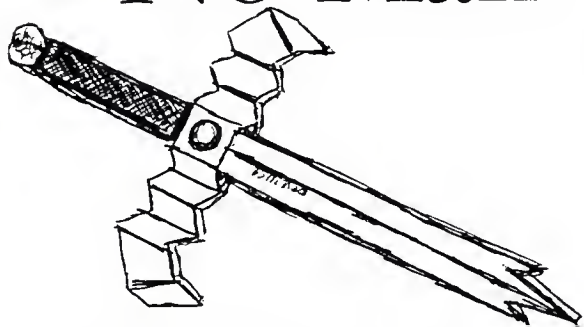
October, 1998



Originally drawn for *City of Angels*, this seems to fit the *Chaos* stories well.

This article was originally published in the Summer 1973 issue of *Orcrist*, issue #7. Sandra has graciously given me permission to reprint it here.

No Man Can Escape His Weird



By Sandra Miesel
Copyright © 1973 by Sandra Miesel

Odin “weaves the dooms of the mighty,”¹ says Saxo Grammaticus. The Danish historian records no destiny as that of Skafloc Elven-Fosterling, hero of Poul Anderson’s magnificent fantasy *The Broken Sword*.²

Skafloc’s life is a complex web indeed. When his Viking father Orm slaughters an English family to take their land, the victims’ witch mother responds with the curse “that his eldest son should be fostered beyond the world of men, while Orm should in turn foster a wolf that would one day rend him (p. 2). At this witch’s prompting Imric, earl of Britain’s elves, steals unchristened newborn Skafloc, leaving in his stead a soulless changeling bred by Imric out of a troll princess. The Aesir send the elf-earl’s fosterling an ominous gift – a broken runesword.

While Skafloc thrives in the misty splendor of Elfheugh his double Valgard develops into a universally loathed berserker. Acting on suggestions from Odin the witch maneuvers Valgard into slaying his foster father and brothers, razing his home, and carrying off his foster sisters to Trollheim. His parentage having been revealed by the witch, Valgard resolves to surpass even the trolls in malice.

Elf raiders under Skafloc’s command rescue the captive girls. Although Valgard kills one in a subsequent skirmish, the younger one, Freda, reaches Elfheugh safely. Skafloc heals her sorrows and wins her love. The Aesir insure that the truth of their relationship is kept secret.

When Elfheugh is overrun by Valgard and the trolls, Skafloc and Freda escape to wage futile guerrilla resistance. In desperation he recovers his mysterious gift sword from the occupied elf castle, eluding the enemy only through Odin’s intervention. To learn more about the ghastly weapon Skafloc raises the ghosts of Freda’s family. The dead disclose that the loves are siblings and Freda flees.

Accompanied by the Irish sea god Mananaan Mac Lir, embittered Skafloc sails to the realm of the giants and there

has the sword reforged. The blind giant smith gloats over his handiwork:

“We forged ice and death and storm into it, mighty runes and spells, a living will to harm Naught is there on which it does not bite, nor does it ever grow dull of edge. Venom is in the steel, and [the] wounds it gives cannot be healed by leechcraft or magic or prayer. Yet this is the curse on it: That every time it is drawn it must drink blood, and in the end, somehow, it will be the bane of him who wields it.” (p. 159)

Thus armed Skafloc rallies the elves to reconquer their domain.

Meanwhile Freda has borne a son but Odin seizes the baby in payment for his earlier aid to Skafloc. He sends Freda to the siege of Elfheugh where she fatally distracts Skafloc as he duels with Valgard. The changeling perishes beside him. Imric orders the accursed blade flung into the sea but its foul history is clearly not complete.

True to the methods of traditional literature, *The Broken Sword*, like *The Lord of the Rings*, artfully rearranges and expands time-hallowed motifs and images. Right from its opening with the conventional recital of the hero’s lineage, this novel authentically captures the mood of inexorable doom and bloody kin-strife met in the Norse sagas. It is there we must seek its antecedents.

Tyrfting, the runesword’s proper name, points to *Hervarar Saga* (also known as *The Saga of King Heidrek the Wise*). This furnishes the nature, origin, and appearance of the weapon. By threatening death, Odin’s grandson King Svafllami forces captive dwarves Dvalinn and Durinn (Anderson’s Dyrin, Tolkien’s Durin) to forge him a rustless, golden-hilted, invincible sword. The dwarves curse it to require a human life at each unsheathing, to perform three dastardly deeds, and to cause the king’s own death. Tyrfting brings Svafllami years of victory until an enemy soldier snatches it from his hand and slays him with it. The new owner gives it to his eldest son who eventually falls in battle and is buried with his sword. This warrior’s ferocious daughter Hervor strides through enchanted fire to summon the shades of her father and uncles from their barrows. She demands Tyrfting, Bane-of-Shields and Hater-of-Byrnies, heedless of its history or the

¹ Saxo Grammaticus, *Gesta Danorum*, translated by Oliver Elton (the Folklore Society: London, 1894), p. 78, quoted in H. R. Ellis Davidson, *Gods and Myths of Northern Europe* (Penguin: Baltimore, 1964), p. 49.

² 1st edition (Abelard-Schuman: New York, 1954) and revised edition (Ballantine: New York, 1971). Unless otherwise specified, all references are to the revised edition and will be given in text.

disaster it will surely wreak on her descendants. Her father yields it reluctantly with this last warning:

Long may you hold it and long enjoy it!
But conceal it well. Beware the edges
of Hjalmar's-Bane: both are poisoned.
Mortal to men is the Measurer-of-Fate.³

After pursuing a viking career with the blade Hveror gives it to her favorite son Heidrek, a vicious berserker. He turns outlaw and kills his gallant elder brother with Tyrfing. He commits many other treacheries with the sword until his own thralls use it to murder him. Heidrek's sons wage war for possession of Tyrfing. The older slays the younger and concludes the saga with this plaint: "A curse rests on our kin Evil is the doom of the Norns!"⁴

The themes of a broken and reforged enchanted sword and sibling incest occur in *Volsunga Saga* which translator William Morris calls a tale of "utter love defeated utterly."⁵ Here Odin personally manipulates the heroes' lives just as he does in the Anderson novel. King Volsung was the great-grandson of Odin, born as a boon from the god. Odin appears at the wedding of Volsung's daughter Signy and in ironic use of Norse marriage custom thrusts a marvelous sword into the main house pillar. The only man strong enough to pull out the sword is Signy's twin Sigmund. Signy's envious husband subsequently kills her father and other brothers. In order to breed a pure Volsung to avenge them Signy visits Sigmund's hiding place in disguise and sleeps with him. When her husband later captures him and their bold son Sinfjotli, Signy provides them with Sigmund's sword to free themselves. She orders them to kill her legitimate children and husband. Then, vengeance complete, she chooses to die in her husband's burning hall.

Sinfjotli is ultimately poisoned by a stepmother. Odin himself carries his body away. Sigmund enjoys many glorious years as a warrior until Odin appears in the midst of a battle and shatters his sword.

The shards pass to Sigmund's posthumous son Sigurd, who has them reforged as the blade Gram. With this "wounding-wand/All wrought with gold"⁶ he kills the dragon Fafnir. Odin favors him with advice and a horse sired by his own divine steed. After adventures familiar from Wagner, Sigurd is murdered by design of his first love, Brynhild. She then slays herself and is burned on Sigurd's pyre along with his horse and sword.

Norse literature abounds in references to doomswords forged in hatred or under duress, hidden under the earth and retrieved at frightful effort to perform grim deeds. There are

³ "The Waking of Anganry," *The Elder Edda: A Selection*, translated by Paul B. Taylor and W. H. Auden (Random House: New York, 1970), p. 105.

⁴ Peter Andreas Munch, *Norse Mythology*, revised by Magur Olsen, translated by Sigurd Bernhard Hustvedt (American-Scandinavian Foundation: New York, 1926), p. 147.

⁵ William Morris, "A Prologue in Verse," *Volsunga Saga*, translated by William Morris (Collier: New York, 1962), p. 86.

⁶ "The Lay of Brynhild," Morris, p. 272.

garbled associations of such swords with the giant Mimir and the World Ash Tree. Examples include Laevateinn forged in Hel by Loki and Dainsleif forged by dwarves which demands human blood each time it is drawn. A murderous enchanted sword is among the treasures Saxo describes in the bound giant Geirrod's ghastly underground realm. Saxo and *Asmundar Saga Kappabana* both mention a cursed sword once concealed in a lake or a cave, which brings death to the descendants of the king for whom it was made. A sword forged by a giant to take vengeance on the gods is brought out of Mimir's Grove in Niflheim in "Svipdagsmál." According to Saxo, a mortal prince fetches the sword of Mimingus (who is either Mimir or his son) from the underworld, using it to defeat the Aesir in battle and kill Balder. A bloodlusting brand, broken and reforged, is the subject of "The Avenging Sword," a chilling ballad from medieval Denmark. But the owner has the wit to recognize the peril of his weapon. He discards it and does penance for the deeds performed with it.

Anderson incorporates cultural as well as literary precedents into his fantasy. Although his own weapon is always the spear, Odin gives swords to his chosen heroes just as mortal kings distribute them to their warriors: to bind the subordinates' loyalty. Swords were divine solar and fertility symbols in the Bronze Age. The Vikings associated these precious family heirlooms with their cult of dead ancestors.

In mythic chronology *The Broken Sword* falls after the death of Balder and the binding of Loki. The future holds only Ragnarök. Thus Odin's ultimate motive in molding the fates of the Volsungs and Skafloc is naked self-interest: he is breeding, training, and gathering troops for the last battle. In "Eiriksmál" Odin explains that he allowed his protégé Erik Blood-Axe to perish because "the grey wolf is gazing upon the abodes of the gods."⁷

Odin is the crafty but fickle god of battle, death, and magic. He is the "Ruler of every ill/Who sunders kin with runes of spite."⁸ Perhaps his malicious habits reflect in part immortal boredom like that of Anderson's elves. Deceit is ever his weapon of choice. The ruse by which Odin steals Freda's child occurs in a Scandinavian folktale in which the disguised god bargains with Geirhild Drinsdatter for "what is between her and the vat":⁹ not her belt but her unborn child. Bölverk (Icelandic Bölverkr, "evil working), the giant who mends Skafloc's Tyrfing, not only recalls legends of crippled, enslaved smiths like Wayland (Völund), his name is an alias of

⁷ Translated by N. Kershaw in *A Pageant of Old Scandinavia*, edited by Henry Goddard Leach (Princeton University Press: Princeton, 1946), p. 320. Compare the situation in "Hákonarmál": the death of King Haakon the Good serves the "military requirements" of Asgard.

⁸ "The Second Lay of Helgi Hundingsbane," translated by Henry Adams Bellows as "Helgi Thrice-Born," in *Pageant*, p. 72.

⁹ Sigrid Unset, *Kristin Lavransdatter*, translated by Charles Archer and J. S. Scott (Alfred Knopf: New York, 1937), p. 236. The same sort of prenatal trickery appears in the eerie Danish ballad "Germand Gladensvend" and the happier Scandinavian fairy tales "The Three Princesses of Whiteland" and "The Mermaid and the Boy." As in *The Broken Sword*, christening does not protect the child from enforcement of the pledge.

Odin used when he stole the mead of inspiration from a giant.

But of all the supernatural races, it is the elves and the whispering glamourie of their twilight lands, which dominate *The Broken Sword*. The elves do not worship the Aesir – they themselves were once minor earth deities – but some serve in the palace of the fertility god Frey. In *The Broken Sword* they are allied with the Sidhe, Irish divinities rarely portrayed in modern fantasy. Both the Sidhe and the elves are doomed to dwindle away to sprites and vanish into folklore.

These elves are the same cloudy-eyed amoral immortals who appear in *Three Hearts and Three Lions* but here the plot emphasizes the perpetual war between elves and trolls. To counter their foes with iron-wielding warriors, elves exchange changelings for human babies. Conscious of their soullessness, they sometimes envy their fosterlings: “Happier are all men that the dwellers in Faerie – or the gods, for that matter,” says Imric. “Better a life like a falling star, bright across the dark, than a deathlessness which can see naught above or beyond itself.” (p. 206)

The elves' limitations resemble those of Franco-Burgundian courtly culture in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. As Sir Kenneth Clark observes:

No society has ever been more elegant, more debonair, more dainty. . . . But it [courtesie] isn't enough to keep a civilization alive, because it exists solely in the present. It depends on a small static society that never looks outside or beyond, and we know that such societies can become entirely petrified. . . . The great, indeed the unique, merit of European civilization has been that it has never ceased to develop and change.¹⁰

The conflict between elven and human ways which so rends Skafloc is repeated in Anderson's recent science fiction story “The Queen of Air and Darkness.” He always maintains the superiority of mortal men. As the dwarf-king states in *The Broken Sword*: “. . . humans, weak and short-lived and unwitting, are nonetheless more strong than elves and trolls, aye, than giants and gods. And that you can touch cold iron is only one reason” (p. 20). Not only can men change, they can love. This consolation is ordinarily denied to elves. But this exchange between Imric and his sister after Skafloc's death indicates that there can be exceptions:

“If we elves do not know the thing called love, still, we can do that which would have gladdened a friend.”

“Not know love?” murmured Leea, too softly for him to hear. “You are wise, Imric, but your wisdom has its bounds.” (p. 206)

Leea had been the infant Skafloc's wet nurse, then his leman, and afterward the unwilling concubine of his double Valgard. Her feelings for Skafloc are tainted by possessive jealousy that helps propel him to his doom.

Freda, on the other hand, not only shares her man's sufferings, she loves him enough to leave him for the good of

his soul after their sibling relationship is disclosed. And she would surrender her own hope of salvation for the chance to save his life. Leea's unaging allure cannot match Freda's mortal vitality. Skafloc turns from faery to human love just as Holger Carlsen does in *Three Hearts and Three Lions*. But unlike Holger and Alianora, Skafloc and Freda were “Born into the world/For utter woe”¹¹ and are parted for all eternity after death. Though “There are powers of evil and inevitable destiny which are able to defeat the noblest love,”¹² their bond was no less precious for its tragic sundering.

As befits a tale of enchantments, the novel's language is lush. It conjures up gemfire and silvergleam, eddying wind round starry spires, ice crags and salt spray, blossoms and cursed weapons' clangor. Poetry in the Norse manner also plays a prominent role. Anderson has long displayed a considerable gift for translation and adaptation: translating the Eddic *Song of Grotte* in *Twilight World* (reworked for his forthcoming version of *Hrólfs Saga Kraka*) and part of Jens Peter Jacobson's *Gurresange* in *Tau Zero*; composing new poems on medieval models in “Tiger by the Tail,” *Rogue Sword*, and “The Queen of Air and Darkness.”

An appreciation of his method can be gained by comparing the gravemound scene in *The Broken Sword* (pp. 136-140) with “The Waking of Angantyr” from *Hervarar Saga*, “The Second Lay of Helgi Hundingsbane” from the *Elder Edda*, and the ballad “Aage and Else,” a twelfth-century Danish version of “The Unquiet Grave.”

The incantory verses in this scene reproduce Icelandic epic meter: four stresses divided into two half-lines with the first stress in the second half-line alliterating with either stress in the first half-line while the last stress does not alliterate. A very few of Anderson's lines are imperfect because the final stress alliterates. For example: “Welcome, brother, valiant warrior” (p. 140). The half-lines are printed as independent lines in this novel. Trochaic meter is used for somberness although Icelandic poetry does not require metrical regularity in the English sense.

Anderson paraphrases and condenses. Thus Hervor's curse: “May all of you feel within your ribs/as though in ant-hill your ill bones rotted”¹³ becomes on Skafloc's lips: “In your ribs/may rats build nests” (p. 137). The author also rearranges lines and adapts details of content to his plot requirements but retains the dramatic structure and spirit of the originals. The stanzas based on “The Waking of Angantyr” present the same struggle between insistent child and reluctant parent over a deadly boon. Those modeled on “Helgi” and the ballad proclaim the same love undimmed by death.

In addition to their notions of Valhalla, Hel, and reincarnation, pagan Scandinavians believed that the dead dwelt within their barrows, ready to destroy intruders but

¹¹ “The Short Lay of Sigurd.” Morris, p. 257. This story refers to Brynhild.

¹² Axel Olrik, *A Book of Danish Ballads*, translated by E. M. Smith-Dampier (Books for Libraries Press: Freeport, New York, 1968), p. 52. This refers to “Germand Gladensvend.”

¹³ “The Waking of Angantyr,” translated by Lee M. Hollander in *Pageant*, p. 86.

¹⁰ *Civilisation* (Harper: New York, 1969), p. 74. I am indebted to Patrick McGuire for pointing out the similarity.

willing to counsel and bless their descendants. Runes could compel corpses to speak and answer questions. In this first pair of parallels Hervor demands Tyrting from her dead father while Skafloc, accompanied by Freda and their mother, raises the shades of their father and brothers to learn how Tyrting can be reformed. Verse numbers are given in the left-hand margin to indicate rearrangement of "Angantyr."

9 Hervor: Angantyr, awake! Hervor calls you,
Your only daughter whom you had by Tofa.
Gives up from the grave the gleaming sword
That the dwarves smithied for Svaflami.

16 Angantyr: Graves open and Hel's doors,
The island surface is one searing flame,
...

10 Hervor: Hervard, Hjordvord, Hrani, awake!
Hear me all of you, under the tree roots,
With sharp swords, with shields and byrnies
And red spears, the rig of war.

13 Angantyr: Evil it is, Hervor, my daughter,
To call down such curses upon us:
Your words are mad, without meaning in
them.
Why do you wake the bewildered dead?

16 All without is a horror to view:
Go, while there's time: return to your ship.

17 Hervor: With no flames, tonight or ever,
With no fire you can frighten me,
Nor daunt the heart in your daughter's breast
With ghosts standing at grave-mouths.

12 May ants shred you all to pieces,
Dogs rend you; may you rot away.
Give back the sword that was smithied by
Dvalin:
Fine weapons are unfit for ghosts.¹⁴

Skafloc cried out:
Waken, Chieftains,
fallen Warriors!
Skafloc calls you,
sings you wakeful.
I conjure you,
come on hell-road.
Rune-bound dead men,
rise and answer!

The barrow groaned. Higher and ever higher raged the icy
flame above it. Skafloc chanted:

Grave shall open.
Gang forth, deathlings!
Fallen heroes,
fare to earth now.
Stand forth, bearing

swords all rusty,
broken shields,
and bloody lances.

Then the howe opened with leaping fires, and Orm and his
sons stood in its mouth. The chieftain called:

Who dares burst
the mound and bid me
rise from death
by runes and song-spells?
Flee the dead man's
fury, stranger!
Let the deathling
lie in darkness.

...
Terror shall not
turn my purpose.
Runes shall bind you.
Rise and answer!
In your ribs
may rats build nests,
if you keep hold
on what I call for! (pp. 136-140)

The second set of parallels shows that even spell-bound
ghosts retain their own interests, especially in kinship ties.
One brother greets Freda:

Gladly we see
gold-decked woman.
Sun-bright maiden,
sister, welcome!
Ashy, frozen
are our hollow
breasts with grave-cold.
But you warm us.

Father greets mother:

Dreamless was not
death, but frightful!
Tears of yours, dear,
tore my heart out,
vipers dripped
their venom on me
when in death
I heard you weeping.

This I bid
you do, beloved:
live in gladness,
laughing, singing.
Death is then
the dearest slumber,
wrapped in peace,
with roses round me.

"That I have not the strength to do, Orm," she said.
She touched his face. "There is frost in your hair.

There is mould in your mouth. You are cold, Orm."

"I am dead. The grave lies between us."

"Then let it be so no longer. Take me with you,
Orm!"

His lips touched hers. (pp. 138-139)

¹⁴ "The Waking of Angantyr," Taylor and Auden, pp. 101-105.

She followed his ghost back into the mound, never to return.

In "The Second Lay of Helgi Hundingsbane," Queen Sigrun greets her recently slain husband:

First I will kiss	the lifeless king,
Ere off the bloody	byrnie thou cast;
With frost they hair	is heavy, Helgi,
And damp thou art	with the dew of death;
(Ice-cold hands	has Hogni's kinsman,
What, prince, can I	to bring thee ease?)

Helgi replies:

Thou alone, Sigrun	of Sevaþjoll,
Art cause that Helgi	with dew is heavy;
Gold-decked maid	thy tears are grievous,
(Sun-bright south-maid,	ere thou sleepest;)
Each falls like blood	on the hero's breast,
(Burned-out cold,	and crushed with care.)

Well shall we drink	a noble draught,
Though love and lands	are lost to me;
No man a song	of sorrow shall sing,
Though bleeding wounds	are on my breast;
Now in the hill	our brides we hold,
The heroes' loves,	by their husbands dead. ¹⁵

Sigrun offers to sleep with him in the barrow but Helgi is called away by cockcrow. Sigrun dies of sorrow shortly afterward.

In "Age and Else" the dead knight tells his widow:

For every tear thou lettest fall
 In mournful mood,
 Adown into my grave doth drip
 A drop of blood.
 ...
 But when a song thou singest
 All in delight,
 Then my darksome grave is hung
 With roses red and white.¹⁶

Else, too, promptly perishes of grief.

The Broken Sword is the earliest-written and by far the saddest of Anderson's novels. Its impact on young Michael Moorcock may have provided the remote inspiration for that author's gorgeously gruesome Elric series.¹⁷ Between *The Broken Sword* and his forthcoming "Merman's Children" and *Hrólf Kraki's Saga*, Anderson took a lighter approach to fantasy: the romantic *Three Hearts and Three Lions*, a clutch of comic short stories (like "Valor of Cappen Varra"), *The Fox, the Dog, and the Griffin* for young children, the rationalized and domesticated Thaumaturgic Age series

¹⁵ *Pageant*, p. 73.

¹⁶ Olrik, p. 88. This ballad is also known as "Ager and Eliza" and "The Betrothed in the Grave."

¹⁷ "The Michael Moorcock Column." *Speculation*, 11, No. 7 (1968), 57.

(*Operation Chaos*), or else sounded the horns of Elfland in science fiction (*Let the Spaceman Beware!* and "The Queen of Air and Darkness").

The differences between the 1954 Abelard-Schuman hardback and the 1971 Ballantine paperback editions are greater than the author's modest introduction to the revised version would suggest. Anderson has thoroughly re-edited the novel, improving both the content and form. The sword's name and history have been added to the second edition, and its appearance drastically altered – an enchanted weapon ought not to rust. Not Satan, but Odin in Satan's guise advises the vengeful witch on destroying Skafloc's family. New passages clarify Freda's psychology. Some details of combat have been changed for realism.

Innumerable stylistic improvements have been made: extraneous modifiers pruned, substitutions made for precision, freshness, crispness, rhythm, or consistency. A single sentence can demonstrate this.

Old: The great dim splendor of the castle which was also a barren crag, the sorceries drifting in the very air of its eternal twilight, the presences haunting hills and forest and sea – all these oppressed her with their strangeness and aloofness. (p. 100)

New: The dim splendor of the castle which was also a barren tor, the sorceries adrift through its eternal warm twilight, the presences that haunted hills and woods and waters – oppressed her with strangeness. (p. 77)

The revision is altogether smother and surer.

The Broken Sword's theme, man and fate in the northern tradition, is a subtype of Anderson's perennial theme, man and the challenge of the universe. Living on the edge of calamity made it easy for the Norsemen to believe in Ragnarök. Their response to a brutal world and fickle gods was courage of a particularly steely sort: courage that echoes in the death-lay of Ragnar Lodbrok: "All hope of life has fled, and laughing I go toward death."¹⁸

Foreknowledge of doom – personal and cosmic – breeds no bitterness but rather incites men to brave deeds while life lasts. As Beowulf declares:

"Each of us will come to the end of this life
 On earth; he who can earn it should fight
 For the glory of his name; fame after death
 Is the noblest of goals."¹⁹

¹⁸ Munch, p. 315. In *The Broken Sword*, Ragnar is Skafloc's great-grandfather. Although Skafloc does *not* die laughing, many another hero did. Compare "The Treachery of Asmund," Taylor and Auden, p. 100: "Men shall remember while men live/That the Lord of Rogaland laughed as he died."

¹⁹ *Beowulf*, translated by Burton Raffel (New American Library: New York, 1963), lines 1386-89, p. 67. Compare Odin's statement in "The Words of the High One," Taylor and Auden, p. 47:

Cattle Die, Kindred Die
 Every Man is Mortal;
 But I know one thing that never dies.
 The glory of the great deed.

vision is falling. One almost digs fingers into the ground, as if to keep from being thrown off this whirling tiny ball to tumble forever between the stars.

I first met Poul and Karen Anderson in December, 1972, at the last of those grand and glorious parties Joe Green threw for the Apollo launches. At a time in my life when I had been writing almost in a vacuum and had met a mere handful of other people with any professional connection with this field, I suddenly found myself spending the better part of a week in close contact with writers and artists who had previously been only legends to me. Of all these, I think the one I felt most privileged to meet was Poul. I told him there were two names I had long planned to ask him how to pronounce, if I ever got the chance: his own first name, and that of the Martian bartender in *A Bicycle Built for Brew*. Without batting an eye, he asked, "What was the name of the Martian Bartender in *A Bicycle Built for Brew*?" - which I suspect says far more about the extent of his body of work than about his memory.

In the night launch of Apollo 17 Poul, Karen, and I shared a once-in-a-lifetime experience. There was a five-hour hold in the launch sequence, and afterward they gave me a ride to the airport; so we had quite a bit of chance to talk that week. I wasn't really surprised to learn that we shared a lot of interests; that was, after all, a large part of the reason why Poul's work resonated so strongly for me. I was a little surprised (pleasantly) that, when I mentioned that I might be doing some backpacking in his part of California the following summer and would be pleased to have him join me for some of it, he indicated that he might well be interested.

So when I got to California that summer, I called him up and invited him to join a friend and me for a few days in the Desolation Wilderness. He was in a very busy stretch then and said he'd think about it and see if he could find a way to fit it in, but in the end decided that he couldn't. So my friend and I did the next best thing (which I hoped didn't seem cruel!): We stopped by his house afterward to tell him about what he'd miss, while drinking his good Norwegian beer. What he'd missed included, with suitable justice, an hour one night spent lying in my sleeping bag, under the stars next to a lake in the Sierra Nevada, watching the Perseid meteor shower. It was like the opening paragraph of *Is There Life on Other Worlds?* made real and then some, with the sky reaching its fingers down toward me.

Poul and I live at opposite ends of the country and so don't see each other all that often, but we do get together now and then at conventions. Since I've become the editor of *Analog*, I also occasionally (but not nearly often enough) get the privilege of publishing something new that he's written. At one Windycon he and I were respectively Author and Editor Guest of Honor, and I bought his Guest of Honor speech on the spot, as soon as he finished giving it, as a guest editorial.

A few years ago I let myself be talked into being an advisor for something called The Asimov Seminar, and wasn't really sure what I'd gotten myself into to whether I'd made the right decision - until I found out that Poul and Karen had done it the year before. When Poul found out I was doing it, he just grinned and said, "You're going to have fun!" He was right, of course - and I advise anyone who's reading this: If you ever have a chance to participate in The Asimov Seminar, jump at it. You'll have fun, too.

It's always a special treat to find a new manuscript of Poul's on my desk, or to get a phone message that he's in town and would like to get together for lunch. I was immensely pleased to see him receive the Grandmaster Nebula Award in Santa Fe in 1998. It seems to me that Poul Anderson might well be the poster boy for the very concept of a Grand Master of Science Fiction. I'm very grateful for all the enjoyment he has given me over the years through his writings, and I feel especially privileged to know him as a friend as well. [✴]

September, 1998



Poul Anderson in the Classroom

By Frank Norton

Every science fiction reader I've ever talked to has their list of favorite authors and favorite books to which they come back time and again. For me one of the books is Poul Anderson's *Tau Zero*.

I'm a physics teacher by trade and have been doing that for some 30 years now. When I was looking for new and different challenges to stimulate my students in the middle 70s, and since I'd been reading SF for some 20 years by then, I thought it was worth a shot to introduce my students to the field. Each semester the students could, for extra credit, read a report on (with emphasis on the *science* aspect) of a SF novel. A list of twenty or so suitable books was generated. Among them: Hal Clement's *Mission of Gravity*, Larry Niven's *Neutron Star*, Bob Shaw's *Other Dyas*, *Other Eyes*, Fred Hoyle's *The Black Cloud*, and Poul Anderson's *Tau Zero* to name a few. The books on the list were of the "hard science fiction" type, that is, they stick closely with correct scientific principles and logic.

Tau Zero was one of the books most often chosen by the students to read, partly perhaps due to my reviews of it. Although I dislike the word "deceleration" due to the bad connotations and I'm not quite sure what "decelerators" are and why they should be different from the "accelerators" on the ship. The story is an excellent example of what can be done when good science logic is applied to a plausible situation. A good SF story does not need to revolve around "science magic" or scientific impossibilities, and can in fact be used to teach correct scientific principles. This is what I appreciate most about *Tau Zero*. Good story - good physics - the only story I know that addresses the principles of special relativity in a plausible manner.

Unfortunately, there are precious few good examples of hard SF because, perhaps, it is so much easier to create "science magic" than it is to understand a aspect of science well enough to create a story line around it. I salute Poul Anderson for understanding the science and creating one of my top-ten novels. [✴]

November, 1998

The Limits of Eternity

Stories of the End of Time and Space

By Lan

Eternity is a long, long time. The mind grapples with the concept, but usually falls short of understanding the infinite stretch of time that the word eternity embodies. In several of Poul Anderson's stories, he handles the idea of eternity in different ways. I want to present these stories to the reader – at least those I have found in my readings of Anderson's works. I am sure there are stories other than those I will list here which deal with the topic, so please let me know about them. A word of caution to the reader: I will be revealing the plots of the stories, so you might want to skim the article for the titles of the works, read them yourself, then read this article. I found, however, that in re-reading the novels and shorter pieces for this article I was as enthralled then as I was the first (or second or third) time I read them, so knowing the ending might not matter.

The earliest attempt of Poul Anderson at pushing the boundaries of the end of time came in 1950 with the publication of "Flight to Forever" in the November issue of *Super Science Stories*. Listed as a "novel" in the table of contents, it is really a novella-length story. Martin Saunders and his colleague Sam Hull set out to test their time machine by taking a 100-year jump to the future and return. The automatic probes they had sent in advance did not return, so they figured it was a malfunction – or maybe someone in the future had damaged them. Leaving his girlfriend, Eve Lang, to wait for their return, Martin pulls the switch and they head for the future.

A hundred years later in 2073 the farmhouse they started from was gone, only a pit with its remains were evidence of a structure being there. After waiting for night to make astronomical observations, they backtrack in ten-year jumps to see if the automatic probes could be found. In 2013 they found rusted probes in the fire-blackened basement of the ruins, their batteries drained of power. Martin and Sam find their own batteries being drained of power too, and figure that there must be some limit backward in time beyond which they cannot go, but continuing forward used less power. So they decide to go further into the future in hopes that science and understanding of time travel would increase such that they could return to their home time.

Thus begins a mad dash to the future where there is no possibility for return. The limit to the past is seventy years. Maybe going back sixty-five years and recharging the batteries might work, but that would take time, and the periods in which they would have to stop were not always

friendly. Sam is killed in 2500 AD by an unprovoked assault from the dwellers of that time period.

Martin continues alone, hoping that there might be a chance to return to his love Eve. No one, nor any civilization he encounters, is able to help. Martin picks up a companion along the way in 3500. Belgotai saves him from discovery by the repressive regime of that period, and in return Martin takes him along into the future. In 50,000 they find the remains of the first galactic empire on the verge of a complete collapse. But here in this far future time, Martin finds someone who might replace his love for Eve. Taury claims the right of leader of the Galactic Empire, and with Martin's help she wins decisively over her rival. When Martin realizes his love for her and is about to commit himself to this time period, a jealous man who had loved Taury before Martin had shown up removes him from the scene. Tied up in his time machine, Martin is sent hurtling into far future times with no hope of return. As millennia pass, Martin frees himself, and stops periodically to inquire about the state of time travel. Eventually, he is instructed to continue onward – to the end of time and beyond. The being, which no longer resembled human who gives him this advice, transforms his machine into a vehicle that could withstand the vacuum of space and the rigors of destructive forces.

Martin Saunders sees the universe die.

And reborn.

As the universe is reformed, he continues his reckless journey until the Earth is once more solid matter beneath his machine. He finally gets his bearings and plans his final stop at a time soon after he had left Eve in the other universe. Thus, spiraling past eternity into a new universe, he is united with his true love.

The story is mind-boggling. A very young Poul Anderson manages to tug at the heart strings as well as give a wondrous journey into the future, while describing realistically different eras, peoples and aliens that eventually become a trademark in his fiction. He covers his tracks well in why Martin cannot go backwards in short jumps. Keeping Eve in mind throughout his adventures makes Martin's trials more emotional, and, when he is prepared to stay with Taury, that is snatched from him by a rival. All that is left for him to do is continue on through eternity. Anderson's novella is well constructed and emotionally fulfilling.

The next example uses the same sort of theme in a different, more hard-science way. In the novel *Tau Zero* (©

1970) a group of scientists journey to Beta Virginis in the *Leonora Christine* to investigate its possibility for colonization, and if it is suitable, then settle down and establish a colony. Unfortunately, the Bussard ramscoop hits a small dustcloud and the decelerators are damaged. Thus, they cannot stop. Because of their speed, they cannot turn off the energy fields that form the ramscoop to fix the decelerators since any stray particle would pierce their suits and the ship. And there is also the problem of gamma radiation from which the accelerators protect them. So they continue accelerating, heading for intergalactic space and hoping that the particles will be disperse enough for the to shut down the fields and effect repairs. They find it isn't, and have to continue outward past the local group of galaxies where the vacuum is truly empty.

Once the decelerators are repairs, however, they find that they cannot stop in time to sufficiently explore the family of galaxies ahead, and so continue to accelerate. Outside of their time frame, the centuries and millennia fly by. Finally they see that the universe is beginning to collapse upon itself. They make the hard decision to continue acceleration so they all witness the end of the universe and its rebirth. Finally, as the new universe forms, they slow and find a planet on which to settle and build a future for the human race.

Anderson takes care in this novel to provide a plausible scientific explanation for what happens. There is the absolute limiting factor of the speed of light, commonly represented by c . If v is the uniform velocity of the spaceship, then

$$\tau = \sqrt{1 - \frac{v^2}{c^2}}$$

Thus, the closer a ship approaches light speed, the smaller its τ gets, approaching zero. From an outside observer, the faster the ship goes, the more massive it becomes, and the slower time moves within the ship. The inverse (reciprocal) of τ becomes infinitely large as the velocity increases, and that number becomes the factor by which time moves outside the ship in relation to the observers within the ship. Thus, as the *Leonora Christine* approached the speed of light, internal time got slower, its mass increased and its length shortened, while time outside proceeded to move faster. By the time the crew realized that the universe was collapsing, their τ was so small that millennia were passing outside the ship in seconds of ship time.

Anderson also takes care in presenting a cast of characters whose interpersonal relationships make for an interesting story. Also, their reactions to the repeated disappointments of colonization, having to deviate farther and farther from their original plan, vary in intensity and form. Some are able to bounce back from each incident of bad news, but most are unable to cope with the mounting disappointments. The main character, Charles Reymont, is the Constable, the person in charge of security and enforcement of order and protocol. It is his steel will that enables the ship and its crew to weather each new heartbreaking decision, to strengthen their resolve to

From *Tau Zero*, by Jackie Franke Causgrove



go on, to increase their *tau* and continue onward. Without him many would have curled up and died.

The interpersonal conflict and relationships envelop the reader and s/he feels the strain of the situations and the decisions made that hopefully would insure their survival. Reymont becomes disliked, hated, and even attacked for his role, but in the end he manages to bring them to a home where the human race can thrive and rebuild.

Much more is put into this story than is summarized here. It indeed deserves the name of its original, shorter version, "To Outlive Eternity," which appeared in the June and August issues of *Galaxy Magazine* in 1968. The crew of the *Leonora Christine* endures and survives what no humans dreamed of, and finally find a home.

Like Martin Saunders, the sole survivor of "Flight to Forever," the crew of the ship manages to survive the end of eternity and settle down happily.

In his novelette, "Door to Anywhere," published in the December 1966 issue of *Galaxy Magazine*, Anderson has his protagonist travel to the ends of the exploding universe. Senator Ramon Camacho travels to Mars to investigate the death of his brother-in-law, Ian Birkie. Jump gates have been constructed on Mars and other planets, and they are used freely to transport people and materials throughout the galaxy. Unfortunately, Ian was lost going through the Gates. This only strengthens the Senator's opposition to placing such Gates on Earth. But he is cautious, and wants further proof as to what happened

The way these gates operate is that the mass and inertia one has is carried while moving from one planet to another, from one Gate to another. So to move from, say, Mars to Pluto, one has to account for the changes in orbital, rotational, and gravitational velocities. Instead of stepping directly from one planet to the next, a person must travel through a series of Gates so the Mars velocities are reduced and adjusted so there is no real discomfort when arriving at Pluto.

Ian took a jump to the edge of the expanding universe and never returned. Probes sent out on the same path returned nonfunctional, so no recording of what might have happened was made. Senator Camacho and scientist Dr. Vahdati decide to duplicate the trip themselves, however they changed their approach slightly. Instead of taking the steps to change their velocities, they moved directly to the area, and since their relative velocities were near light-speed, their mass was near infinite. They were able to survive the absolute cold and energy-sucking inter-universe space for a few minutes – which had taken the life of Ian, and drained the energy from the probes sent out at relatively low velocities. They turned around to see their universe forming behind them. The two suffered little damage and were able to tell what happened when they returned.

Love is eternal. But for humans, how long does this eternal love last? In "The Long Remembering" (*Fantasy and Science Fiction*, November 1957), Armand gets involved in an experiment in taking mental time trips. He is sent back about 20,000 years into the past, and becomes Argnach-eskaladuan-tork-luk. He inhabits the body of this caveman for a sufficiently long period of time, enough to grow to love Evavy, just as the person he inhabits did. Riding along in

Argnach's body, he/they rescues her from the Goblin Land. He is returned to his time just as they are escaping, but the enormous love that Armand experienced for Evavy was carried with him through time so that she was the one he thought about when he returned to his wife Claire, after the experiment.

In both these stories there is not the breadth and depth as in the first two examples. The characters are not as well defined as one would like, but the emotional impact is quite enough to carry force and interest.

A more poignant story of "eternal love" is presented in *World Without Stars* (also known as *The Ancient Gods and Mary's Song*), first published in *Analog*, June-July 1966. The love expressed here does not span the millennia that Armand's does in "The Long Remembering," but it lasts much longer in subjective time. Hugh Valland remembers his Mary O'Meara. Because of the anti-senescent drugs that are available, Valland and the members of the starship *Meteor* have long memories of things past. Valland has been alive for more than three thousand years, but has edited his memories (as all must do to prevent sensory overload) to remove unwanted information and experiences. But he never edits out his memories of Mary O'Meara.

The *Meteor* crashes on a planet orbiting a dwarf star between galaxies. The ship can be fixed in a few decades *if* they can get help from the primitive inhabitants of the world. The crew becomes embroiled in a tribal war before they can put their plan into effect (the whole situation is a *lot* more interesting than this summary, and involves some telepathic aliens). What keeps Valland motivated to accomplish this feat is his memories of Mary O'Meara, and his song about her in turn motivates the crew members to work toward getting their ship to fly again. And eventually they return home to Earth.

The story is told from the point of view of Filipe Argens, the captain of the *Meteor*. A few months after they returned to Earth, he looks up Hugh Valland hoping to meet this mysterious woman Mary. Filipe finds Valland at his home and discovers a mausoleum on the property; Mary has been dead for nearly 3,000 years. But to Hugh Valland she is still alive in his memories and song.

Subjective time and memory become extremely important in my last example, "Kyrie" which was published in 1968 in an anthology of short stories called *The Farthest Reaches* edited by Joseph Elder. Eloise Waggoner is a telepath in link with an energy being from Epsilon Aurigae named Lucifer. Lucifer is accompanying the ship *Raven* on an exploratory mission to witness the collapse of a star. During their association, Lucifer and Eloise have become close; sharing minds tends to do that. When the *Raven* emerges from warp, it is on a collision course with a mass of energy. Lucifer, being composed of energy latches onto it and prevents the collision from happening, but becomes trapped in a decaying spiral into the collapsing star. To the crew he dies in a matter of minutes, and he is hailed as a hero for saving the ship. Subjectively, as Lucifer approaches the mass of the collapsing star, time stretches out infinitely for him. Thus Eloise, being connected to him telepathically, holds his death as an eternity of suffering. Even decades after Lucifer has died to her

subjective eyes.

This story is one that I've remembered for the decades since I first read it, and I think it should have won the Hugo over Harlan Ellison's "The Beast That Shouted Love at the Heart of the World." The conclusion of "Kyrie" left me stunned for days, and I could not stop thinking about it for a long time.

The end of time, eternity, infinity, eternal love: these are the themes that Poul Anderson has used in several stories, and I hope he will continue to use. There are no limits to his worlds, and participating in them by reading his stories is a good way of experiencing these concepts. Even if you know the endings, these stories are well worth reading, and re-reading. [*]

November, 1998

From *Night Without Stars*, Mary O'Meara, by Jackie Franke Causgrove



Jerry Pournelle had written this for the program book at Mile-Hi-Con when Poul was the Professional Guest of Honor there. He graciously gave me permission to reprint it for this special issue.

Poul Anderson

By Jerry Pournelle

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It's pointless to do a formal biography of Poul Anderson, because it's exceedingly unlikely that you don't already know who he is, and if you don't, what are you doing reading this anyway? Poul has been writing SF forever. He's won all the awards there are, except a Nobel Prize for literature, and there's at least one editor on the nominating committee who's trying for that. He has about a zillion stories in print. He married the prettiest girl in fandom and has stayed married to her longer than she has been alive (it has to work out that way, because Karen can't be that old). He was a founder of the Society for Creative Anachronism and one of its first knights. He has a degree in physics and has become an authority on Sherlock Holmes, the Dark Ages, the Norman sack of Thessalonika, the Bronze Age, and Lord knows what else. He's a member of the Citizen's Advisory committee on National Space Policy. And one of the two of us has about the worst singing voice in Christendom, as anyone would know after listening to us sing *Die Beiden Grenadiere*n on a late night drunk.

So since it's pointless to do a formal biography, I'll just tell some stories.

I was a Boeing engineer when I heard that Poul Anderson would be at the Seattle World Science Fiction Convention in 1961. I'd been reading him for at least ten years. I recall showing his story "Sam Hall" to Senator Scoop Jackson sometime in the mid fifties. His "UN-Man" stories were probably responsible for my developing an interest in Shakespeare and Kipling. I was eager to meet him; he'd had considerable influence on my intellectual development, more I think than he suspects even now.

Worldcons were smaller in those days: about 300 people showed up at the Airport Travelodge, so it wasn't hard to find him and stand him a drink. We were a lot younger in those days, and one drink led to another, and eventually to an all night party where we talked about everything in creation as well as some things that never could be.

We corresponded, and met again in Chicago the next year. I was at that time involved in aerospace work, and when Edward Teller and Stefan Posony put on a conference on Open Space and Peace at the Hoover Institution at Stanford in the early sixties, I got Poul invited to it. He insisted that I stay at his house during the conference. We've been close friends ever since.

Which led to a number of adventures.

When I moved from Seattle to Los Angeles, I left behind a 20 foot midget ocean racing sailboat; come Spring I wanted to sail her down the coast to LA. Poul agreed to be the crew. We stocked up on beer and pipe tobacco and set out, a tiny sailboat without a motor headed into the Straits of Juan de Fuca, sailing northwest into the wind.

Only quite a lot of the time there wasn't any wind, then there would be more than enough at night, with plenty of fog. We made it to Neah Bay, but we had by then used up more than half the time we had to sail to LA, and we were barely into the Pacific. Then we were stuck in Neah Bay for several days by a storm that not even the fishing boats would dare venture into.

So we went back to Seattle, and the sailboat *Ariadne* came to Los Angeles by truck. Meanwhile, Poul composed *The Ballad of Juan de Fuca* only he has changed Juan's last name a bit

A few years later we took *Ariadne* out to California's Channel Islands, where we sailed with dolphins, were chased by whales, and generally had a wonderful time. When we got back to civilization – well, to Avalon on Catalina Island – we discovered that the Manson Family murders had taken place – and we both saw LavaLamps for the first time. I still have the one I bought then. We also discovered we had an infinite quantity of beer: that is, there was more than we could possibly drink and still make it to port

Poul doesn't write as many songs as he used to. There was a time when he'd send me a new song about every month. One was the "Ballad of Ted Kennedy", who had "two older brothers whom we ought to grieve, and public relations like you wouldn't believe ...". Then there was "Bus 'em all," about school integration. And many more.

I was involved in the genesis of one of those songs. It has long been said that Con Committees aren't really necessary: if you secure a hotel and announce the date of the convention, a con will happen. That theory was tested at a San Diego Westercon some years ago. I forget the exact year, but I recall it was at that convention that Harlan Ellison showed the pilot for a TV series he thought would be the most wonderful thing that ever happened. It was called "Star Trek" and would star Jeffrey Hunter

The Con Committee was mostly Navy people, and there was a fleet alert. Suddenly the Committee was gone, leaving behind a few overworked wives who had their hands full car-

ing for children while their men were at sea. There literally was no Con Committee, but a Westercon duly happened anyway, and most of us enjoyed ourselves.

Except at the banquet. The banquet fare had been chosen by the hotel – no Con Committee, remember? – and consisted of Chicken Deceased and a number of nameless objects said to be edible. One of those objects resembled a peeled boiled potato. Poul and I were at the same table – we often were in those days – and he watched as I lifted my potato a few inches above the table and dropped it. It bounced. I tried it again.

"I have written about them for years," Poul said, "but that is the first time I have ever heard a dull, sickening thud . . ." A couple of weeks later he produced the classic filksong "Bouncing Potatoes," which I believe has been recorded by at least three different filk artists.

Poul is normally a patient man, far more so than I am. I've never seen him really angry at anyone or anything, and he seldom complains.

Seldom isn't never. Many long years ago there was a Worldcon in the Leamington Hotel in Oakland. For reasons I forget, it was combined with the Westercon that year, with the result that there were more speeches than usual. In those days the awards, the speeches, and nearly all the formal functions of a Worldcon were done at a banquet.

Poul and I shared a table. He was nominated for a Hugo, and it was easy to see he hoped to win. I wasn't writing science fiction in those days – actually I was, but my employers called my work Force Requirement Projections and put TOP SECRET stamps all over it – so I had never had the experience of waiting to see if I'd won an award. Still, I could guess.

The banquet took a long time. I don't recall what was served. Creamed Tribble, probably, although this was certainly before anyone ever heard of tribbles. Perhaps creamed Flat Cat. I had thoughtfully brought along a bottle of scotch, which Poul and I shared as the Con Committee took its after dinner bows. Then came some more speeches.

Then came the awards of Elves, Gnomes, and Little Men's Chowder and Marching Society. Then came some more speeches. And finally came a pair of speeches I will never forget as long as I live: Forest J. Ackerman and Sam Moskowitz on the history of fandom. Each was determined to speak longer than the other did. As I recall they both succeeded.

To his credit, I doubt that anyone not at our table ever detected that for about the only time I have known him, Poul Anderson lost his temper that evening. I could tell only because when he's really mad, Poul mutters, and I was sitting next to him. And no, I won't tell you what he was muttering.

When Poul quit smoking, he really quit: he gave me his collection of pipes, some of them quite valuable. When I quit I duly passed them along to Larry Niven. I don't know what Larry did with them when he gave it up. I do know that once I decided that smoking was really a bad thing to do – Poul and I both grew up in a different age with a different attitude about smoking – but once I made the decision, I was able to quit because I was damned if Anderson was going to show more willpower than I had.

In 1980 Stefan Possony got me to put together the Citizen's Advisory Committee on National Space Policy. It reported to Possony's former graduate student, Richard V. Allen, who was the National Security Advisor to President Reagan. The Committee had a number of heavyweights – the first name on the alphabetical list was Buzz Aldrin, and it included several generals, as well as the manager of the Shuttle program at North American Rockwell. One of the first people I tapped for the committee was Poul Anderson. Who better to help frame a new space policy for the nation? He's been a part of that committee ever since. It is, incidentally, not only unpaid, but the Committee members pay their own expenses. I haven't heard Poul complain yet.

One of our recommendations was a Single Stage to Orbit spaceship. We've seen a scale model of that ship fly, and God willing, Poul and I may yet get a ride in the full scale version when it's built in the next couple of years.

Alas, since I wrote that, NASA took the ship over from the Air Force after a number of successful flights. NASA, which has a huge stake in the Shuttle and detests simple ships like the SSX, managed to burn our DC/X on the first NASA controlled flight. Pure coincidence, I'm sure. Napoleon Bonaparte once said, "Never ascribe to malice that which is adequately explained by incompetence." For whatever reason, the simple SSX is gone, and the so-called X-33 that replaced it looks like a Shuttle II project. Odd coincidence, I'm certain. And Poul and I are getting older.

I could run on all night, but I expect I've said enough. Poul Anderson is one of the real heroes of our age, and I wish I were going to be at your convention, because there's no one else whose company I enjoy more. [*]

^^^

On Poul

By Joe Haldeman

Poul is a deeply serious man with a bright sense of humor. Back in the good old days, when men were men and alcohol was a Food Group, Poul was the one to seek out for song and story. He still is, though I like to think, like the rest of us, he may be less likely to shut down the SFWA suite and go out partying till dawn.

He has a rare combination of approachability and gravitas, unflinchingly patient and considerate. I worked under him when he was president of the Science Fiction Writers of America, where he demonstrated that nice guys don't always finish last.

He's a writer of unusual breadth and depth, comfortable with both science fiction and fantasy in poetry as well as prose. He seems to genuinely enjoy writing, which is his only character flaw. [*]

October, 1998

As I was asking for submissions for this special issue, Sandra Miesel suggested strongly that I get in touch with Patrick McGuire and ask him for something. I thank her for the suggestion, and for this wonderful tribute to Poul Anderson that Patrick sent.

My Life, Anderson's Books

By Patrick L. McGuire
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Poul Anderson has delivered reading pleasure to me since I was in about eighth grade, over thirty-five years ago. Even so, I picked him up well into his career: Anderson had broken into print two years before I was born. When I got to college and at last had easy access to new and used book stores and to a big-city library, I worked hard not only to keep up with Anderson's output of the late sixties and early seventies, but to make up for all those early years. Fortunately for my student budget, this wasn't a question of hunting up first-edition bibliographic rarities. Almost every piece of fiction Anderson had put in print, publishers had considered worth reprinting at one point or another. I never aspired to absolute completism, but it was still the off-and-on pleasure of many years to find and read even the bulk of Anderson's output. (And then of course the man kept writing, so that on a percentage basis, I may be a bit farther behind today than when I was two decades ago!)

I also made contact with fandom while in college. Not long after I started getting fanzines, I came across a piece of Anderson criticism by Sandra Miesel that paralleled some ideas of my own, but in many respects went beyond them. Sandra and I started corresponding, and eventually, while in graduate school, I tried my own hand at an Anderson study. My academic field was political science, not literature, and I wrote it for enjoyment. When I finished, however, I did submit it to a quasi-academic fanzine. Then, while it was in the fanzine editor's queue, a paying market opened up in the form of an Anderson short story collection that also ran some appreciative essays. I arranged a contract with the book editor (the, er, *legendary* Roger Elwood) that would permit the fanzine publication when the fan-ed got around to it (as he eventually did), but the essay first saw light in *The Many Worlds of Poul Anderson* (reprinted as *The Book of Poul Anderson*). Poul Anderson was thus indirectly responsible for the first check I ever received for my writing.

Oddly enough, in the twenty-plus years since, I've never written another major article on Anderson, and barely a handful of minor ones. I had not stopped to ask myself why not until I sat down here at the keyboard. As best as I can reconstruct the reason, I think it was partly a perceived absence of need, and partly competing demands on my time.

In some cases, I've spotted certain other writers early in their careers, and attempted to bring them to the attention of wider audiences. In other cases, I felt that something about an author needed saying that wasn't already said. Anderson,

by contrast, had been a well-established writer since before I had learned how to read. Within the SF community, he has never lacked able proponents. Moreover, many of these advocates viewed his work much the way I did myself. Thus, my limited free time mostly went for other projects. However, I never stopped reading Anderson, nor even discussing his work in minor ways such as in short reviews and fanzine letters of comment.

In college I discovered that usually SF authors would, amazingly, write back if you sent them a fan letter, and for some years afterward, Anderson and I exchanged a letter or two a year. Starting about when I began graduate school, we also met and chatted a bit at several SF conventions. Another correspondent of Anderson's was Ivan Yefremov, the first important post-Stalin Russian SF author. On learning that I was going to be in Russia one summer improving my language, Anderson set me up with an introduction to Yefremov. Two years later I was back in the then Soviet Union on the academic exchange, researching a dissertation on political aspects of Soviet SF. I interviewed some other Russian authors, but by then Yefremov was dead of heart disease. If not for Anderson, I never would have met him. Later, Anderson read a draft of my dissertation and suggested some valuable small changes.

Eventually my correspondence with Anderson fell off, as did both of our rates of con attendance, so that now I would be hard-pressed to say exactly when we last exchanged either a letter or a spoken word. We still cross paths, however, in places like fanzine lettercols, and thus are not completely out of touch.

In any case, my most significant contact with Poul Anderson has always been through his published work. This does not mean just his science fiction and fantasy. There are authors who I admire in one genre but who I cannot follow across category lines, because their other work fails to satisfy my taste. Anderson is more of a piece.

In popular science, his 1963 *Is There Life on Other Worlds?* remains eminently readable. Since it covers a topic where speculations continue apace but there have been few new hard facts over the past thirty-five years, it is not even all that dated.

Poul Anderson's essays span an astonishingly wide range of topics in (for instance) science, literature, politics, philosophy, history, and linguistics. A few new pieces, such as the classic "Uncleftish Beholding," have been included between

hard covers, but most have to be sought out in periodicals, whether prozines, semiprozines, fanzines, or Sherlockian journals. I've never seen more than a fraction of this work myself, but I have almost invariably enjoyed whatever I did manage to find. If some small press publisher is looking for a project, there is crying need for an Anderson essay collection (a big, thick collection!).

I have not had a recent opportunity to reread Anderson's three mystery novels (1952-1962), but I recall them all as being as engaging, and very nearly as thought-provoking, as the author's SF.

Anderson has also written at least five straight historicals (two first published in 1960, and three in 1980). To my taste, there do not represent the peak of his work and overall perhaps fall somewhat below the mystery novels, but the high standard of even Anderson's every day work places them above the best output of many another writer. It is interesting, although perhaps symptomatic more of market conditions than of the author's capacities, that Anderson's most vivid depictions of past eras, and his deepest reflections on the process of historical change, come in some of his fantasy and SF rather than in the straight historicals.

Among Anderson's fantasy are works so classic that it comes as a surprise to realize how small a portion of Anderson's output the fantasy actually makes up. The entire reputations of some renowned fantasy authors rest on works no more numerous than, and in no way superior to, the likes of *The Broken Sword*, *Hralf Kraki's Saga*, *Three Hearts and Three Lions*, *Operation Chaos*, and *A Midsummer Tempest*.

And now, we come to the daunting part. How to do justice in a few sentences to Anderson's half-century's output of science fiction? We can point to a few classic individual works, such as *Brain Wave* and *Tau Zero*, or, in a lighter vein, *The High Crusade*, but much of Anderson's SF is embodied in series. This presents us with several analytical problems.

First, in the absence of filtering perspective of a century or so, it is often difficult to point to one work within a series as being the classical exemplar. Which is *the* best van Rijn, *the* essential Flandry?

Second, the series themselves form overarching literary works in their own right, and in at least one case (the "Technic Civilization" sequence), several series plus additional singleton works are themselves part of a future history covering five thousand years. In order to enjoy any one story, the reader need not have read its predecessors – half the time Anderson does not write stories in internal chronological order anyhow – but the works in each of Anderson's series do build one upon another. The more of a series (or metaseries) the reader has read, the richer every individual story within it becomes.

For example, in "Day of Burning," David Falkyn and his fellow merchant-adventurers, acting out of enlightened self-interest, save the civilization of an obscure underdeveloped planet from destruction by the flux of a nearby supernova. In the process they perform social engineering they see as regrettable but necessary. It happens that the planet they save is named Merseia. The name will mean nothing to the readers of that story alone, but the irony is immediate for the readers of the Flandry series. These know that some centuries after Falkyn's time a Terran Empire will arise, and that the Mer-

seians, many centuries still later, are fated to be the force that brings down the faltering Empire and ushers in the Long Night.

It is obvious that the Technic Civilization sequence possesses scope. What is at least as remarkable, but less evident, is that it has high self-consistency. This is not a feature that writers' creative faculties build in automatically. As a rule, the subconscious cares nothing about consistency, which has to be edited in after the first draft. Many writers get along nicely without bothering their heads much about it. I once read an essay on Ursula LeGuin's Hainish future history which, as best I recall, demonstrated that LeGuin had misplaced a couple of thousand years! By contrast, as far as I know, no one has caught Anderson out in any significant consistency error. The majority of readers would neither notice nor care, but errors would offend his own sense of craftsmanship.

(A special case is the novel *Orion Shall Rise*, which has a preface indicating that it has to be taken in a sort of alternate history to earlier Maurai Series stories, since the author is aware of inconsistencies between the new book and them.)

A similar sense of integrity has extended to the more scientific aspect of world-building, to getting the astronomy and ecology right. Anderson contributed a classic chapter on this for the *SFWA Handbook*; the essay was later reworked and published for general readership, and has doubtless improved the work of hundreds of writers.

Because the first stories in the Technic Civilization sequence were published in 1951, Anderson has also had to confront inconsistencies stemming from advances in science, technology, and space exploration in the years since the earlier stories were written.

Actually, there has been less difficulty with obsolete assumptions built into the series than one might have expected. Anderson's career has spanned a relatively stable fifty years, with to be sure a lot of progress, but no revolutions comparable to what quantum physics and relativity had done to science – and, after a time-lag, to science fiction – earlier in the century. By beginning his real career in the fifties instead of the Golden Age, and by starting with a degree in physics, Anderson was able from the start to assimilate those major shifts in scientific worldview as well as key advances in nuclear technology and electronics. In his longstanding series, Anderson has thus had much less explaining-away to do than was the case with, say, Isaac Asimov, born less than seven years before Anderson, but already an established Golden Age figure, and committed in his robot and Foundation series to the science of the early forties.

This is not to say that Anderson has completely smooth sailing. For instance, his younger self had rashly decided to include intelligent Martians in the Terran Empire. Up into the early sixties, the state of planetological knowledge made Martians optimistic but not vanishingly improbable, but as the years went by and more was known about Mars, they got to be more and more of a difficulty. Anderson deftly resolved this in *A Knight of Ghost and Shadows* (1974) by explaining that Mars, not being of much use to humans, had been turned over by treaty to non-human interstellar colonists with bodies better suited to make use of the world.

At this point, I had originally intended to discuss the worldview expressed in Anderson's works. I had planned not

on a general exposition, for others have done that well already, but on tracing how Anderson's authorial outlook influenced me personally, as one example of the influence he had doubtless had on thousands of readers. But I quickly ran into methodological problems. I had started reading Anderson as such an early age that on most issues I can't present much of a "before" and "after" portrait, because there was precious little "before." Similarly, it proved next to impossible to disentangle, on the one hand, the ideas that Anderson introduced me to, or convinced me of, from, on the

other hand, areas where perhaps our thoughts simply ran in parallel, places where Anderson gave artistic expression to what I was thinking anyhow.

But whether I can demonstrate it or not, I am sure that the influence must be there, and that it was strong. What I can testify to with complete assurance is the pleasure I have derived from reading Poul Anderson for almost my entire literate life. [*]



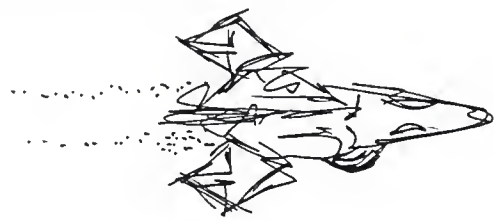
Robert Sabella has contributed his Timelines to many of the Lan's Lantern specials throughout the years. This issue is no exception. Thanks, Bob.

A Poul Anderson Timeline

By Robert Sabella

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|------|--|------|---|
| 1926 | Born November 25 in Bristol, Pennsylvania. | 1973 | "Goat Song" wins Nebula and Hugo Awards as Best Novelette. Voted 5 th best All-Time Science Fiction Author in <i>Locus</i> poll. |
| 1947 | First story, "Tomorrow's Children," in collaboration with F. N. Waldrop, is published in <i>Astounding</i> . | 1976 | <i>The Best of Poul Anderson</i> published. |
| 1952 | First novel <i>Vault of the Ages</i> published. | 1978 | <i>The Earth Book of Stormgate</i> published. Given the Gandalf Award as Grand Master of Fantasy. |
| 1953 | <i>Brain Wave</i> published. | 1979 | "Hunter's Moon" wins Hugo Award for Best Novelette. |
| 1959 | Professional Guest of Honor at the Detroit World Science Fiction Convention. | 1982 | "The Saturn Game" wins Nebula and Hugo Awards as Best Novella. |
| 1960 | <i>The High Crusade</i> published. Publication of the collection <i>Guardians of Time</i> . | 1989 | <i>The Boat of a Million Years</i> published. |
| 1961 | "The Longest Voyage" wins Hugo Award as Best Short Fiction. | 1993 | <i>Harvest of Stars</i> published. |
| 1964 | "No Truce with Kings" wins Hugo Award for Best Short Fiction. | 1997 | Publication of <i>The Fleet of Stars</i> . |
| 1969 | "The Sharing of Flesh" wins Hugo Award for Best Novelette. | 1998 | Awarded the Nebula Grand Master by the Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers of America. Wins Pegasus Award for "Best Adaptation" for a Filk Song, shared with Anne Passovoy. |
| 1970 | <i>Tau Zero</i> published. | | |
| 1971 | <i>The Byworlder</i> published. | | |
| 1972 | "The Queen of Air and Darkness" wins Hugo Award as Best Novella and Nebula Award as Best Novelette. Elected President of the Science Fiction Writers of America. | | |



Ruth Berman has been involved in fandom for many years, and has contributed mostly letters of comments, and a few poems to Lan's Lantern. Here she has a couple of reviews of Poul's books, but concentrating on his poetry, and his work with his wife Karen. As she says, "You probably won't have much on poetry. [but] it does add up to an important part of Poul's work, and of his work with Karen, considering how much they work as a team." Individual copyrights and sources are given with each review.

Metrical Andersons

Two Reviews of the Anderson's Poetry

By Ruth Berman

The Unicorn Trade

By Poul and Karen Anderson
Tor, \$2.95, © 1984

The Unicorn Trade is a collection of stories and poems, jointly and individually by Poul and Karen Anderson. On the poetry side, the contents add up to about the length of a chapbook, some 29 pages; most of these are by Karen Anderson. Poul Anderson's well-known "Ballade of an Artificial Satellite," comparing the wonder of exploring outer space to the wonder of earlier, terrestrial explorations, is included. There are also two collaborative parodies by both Andersons, "Cosmic Concepts" (pulp-SF version of "The House that Jack Built") and "Professor James (Sherlockian version of Jesse James), as well as a serious poem, "Planh on the Death of Willy Ley: June 23, 1969," by both Andersons and the late Tim Courtney.

Apart from these, the poems are by Karen Anderson, and it is these, with their fusion of mythological wonders of fantasy and journeying into space, that set the tone of the volume. The volume title is that of the opening poem, and evocation of fantasy:

There's goodly trade in unicorns, in castles and their
treasure,
Dragons are much demanded, endless caverns, eagly
crag.

And she points out in "Alpha, Beta," the very language of scientific nomenclature is also that of the epic Troy.

Most of Karen Anderson's poems are metrical, showing skill in a variety of forms, with choice of image and tone to fit both form and subject. For example, there is the colloquial blank verse of the exasperated pet-owners in "Origin of the Species":

I can see it now: they were ready to lift grave
(Or whatever they did) but the cats weren't in the ship
...

The cats scampered off, flicking their tails in the air,
And all climbed in some trees; and there they sat
Sneeringly patient.

Or the sparseness of the haiku:

When Proxima sets
What constellations do they
Dream around our sun?

Or the quatrain-pairs of "Think of a Man," combining the colloquial and the romantic – and even managing to slide a diamond in without cliché:

"Castor's this green one: dazzled on the snow
That slipped me up and cracked my fool patella
..."
... A man, who gems his thought
With Mizar's emerald, Vega's diamond gleam,
Arcturus's topaz: wealth he's fairly bought.

Or – my favorite – another blank verse (apart from its closing couplet) poem, "Shanidar IV," an elegiac evocation of Neanderthal nature worship recorded in the pollen clusters found in gravesites:

Lay on his grave a springy bed of horsetail –
Over him scatter blooms of pungent yarrow,
As if that healing herb might heal his death
...
Ere we heap earth and leave him in the dark.

Most of the contents of this collection are repinted from various sources, but some appear in *The Unicorn Trade* for the first time, including (of those mentioned in this review) "Alpha, Beta" and "Shanidar IV."

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Staves

By Poul Anderson

Jwindz Publishing (5516 S. 39 Ave., Minneapolis, MN 55417 USA), © 1993. (Price not listed on copy, but the bookstore price was \$8.00)

Apart from the often-published "Ballade of an Artificial Satellite" (originally published in *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*, 1958), Poul Anderson's poetry has been hard to come by, scattered in various of his novels and collections and in assorted magazines. His poetry varies in quality. He delights in old meters (often intricate, as with the "Ballade," often simpler in form, as with the Anglo-Saxon/Scandinavian 4-beat alliterative measure), and in archaic vocabulary, and sometimes the result, to my ear, sounds overpacked. But at his best (which is often), the play of meter and image is eloquent and touching. An example in alliterative verse is "Sea Burial" -- the dirge from his novel *The Mermaid's Children* that begins, "Wide shall you wander, at one with the world." (It's a pity that this handsomely designed and printed book doesn't include a listing of which poems come from which sources.) Another example is an invented stanza, of sestet plus chorus, with effective variation in line-lengths and metric feet, in "Midsummer Song," with its chorus of:

Go Gladly up and gladly down.
The dancing flies outward like laughter
From blossomfield to mountain crown.
Rejoice in the joy that comes after!

With his background as a world-builder, both in SF and fantasy, it is not surprising that some of his most effective poems are portraits of alien societies, as in the two "route songs," "Route Song of the Winged People," (I think this is from the novel *The People of the Wind*) and "Route Song of the Greenland Whales" (another from *The Mermaid's Children*).

About a third of the collection is given over to translations of Scandinavian work (from the Latin of Saxo Grammaticus; the Old Norse of Anonymous, Egil Skallagrimsson, Olaf Haraldsson, Thjoldhoff Arnason, and Sighvat Thordharson; and the Danish of J. P. Jacobsen; the first two published in his novel *Hrólf Kraki's Saga*, and the rest in issues of George Scithers' small-press fantasy magazine, *Amra*). Jacobsen's "Song of Gurre" is in a variety of meters, reflected in the translation, and the other translations are in forms of the alliterative line.

It's good to have these *Staves* gathered together and made available to Anderson's fans and to poetry enthusiasts.

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RIGHT TOP: Karen Anderson in costume at SFCon in 1954. She is actually blowing a small horn, not imbibing from a bottle. Photo courtesy of Howard Devore.

RIGHT BOTTOM: Karen again, with an unknown fan at NYCon, 1956. Photo courtesy of Howard Devore.



A long-time fan, author, book reviewer, critic and huckster, Buck Coulson is usually seen nowadays behind his dealers' table at many Midwest conventions. He is also an active letterhack, and gladly contributes pieces to fanzines, particularly on topics and people he knows. And he remember Poul Anderson very well...

From Memory's Poul Vaults

By Buck Coulson

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I'm not sure which story introduced me to Poul Anderson's writing. It's been a long time, and I'm not entirely sure when I began reading science fiction magazines. (I know I started with *Astounding Science Fiction*, but I began buying back issues as well as current ones, so that's no help.) "The Helping Hand," which was the cover story in the May 1950 issue, could well have been the first Anderson I read. It certainly impressed me. This was the period when the US was offering help in "recovery" to its World War II allies and feeling noble about it, and Anderson turned the whole idea on its head. It at least made me consider, possibly for the first time (and possibly for the last, as well?) that there are two sides to everything. It also strengthened my desire not to blindly follow someone else's ideas. Though there are fans who will tell you that I took this idea to extremes.

I do remember the most exasperating Anderson story I ever read. The first installment of a serial, *The Escape*, appeared in the September 1953 issue of *Space Science Fiction*, and I read it, enjoyed it, and waited for the next installment. And waited ... and waited. The magazine folded with that issue and it was a year or more before I got to read the rest of the story, retitled *Brain Wave*, for the book version. That taught me not to read serials until I had all the installments....

At the St. Louiscon, Juanita and I were waiting in the lobby while non-fans checked out so that we could get checked in; we were in no particular hurry and preferred to avoid the crowds. While we waited, Poul Anderson came through a door at one side of the lobby, or perhaps it was at the rear; I don't recall the details. He was wearing an ordinary business suit and it seemed a bit unusual for so many people, mostly non-fans, to be staring at him. He was walking perfectly normally. And while his expression was a trifle blank, he was probably thinking about something (which isn't too abnormal, even for mundanes). It wasn't until he passed us by that we realized what the stares were about; out of the middle of his back projected a large key.... He crossed the lobby and exited by another door, never breaking stride or expression.

When Poul's stories started to attract attention among fans, there were a good many arguments and discussions (in fandom it's sometimes hard to tell the difference) over how to pronounce his name. There were adherents of "Pool," "Pole," "Powl," and perhaps a few other variants. At a certain convention whose name I've forgotten (because Juanita says we weren't there and the story was related to us by someone else), he stood up during the introduction of notables and announced that, since there had been speculation on the pronunciation of his name, he would now settle the matter.

Then, slowly and distinctly, he pronounced "An-der-son" and sat down.

At one of the Chicago Worldcons (just which one has escaped my memory), Gene DeWeese reported that he and Bev had problems getting to sleep the night before because someone seemed to be hammering on the wall of their room. He finally went over and put his ear to the wall and found that, apparently, a trio of men was singing, more or less, a variety of old Norse ballads, and keeping time by beating their heads against the wall. Gene was never entirely positive of the identities of the trio, but the next morning he did see H. Beam Piper, fan John Boardman, and Poul Anderson coming out of the room....

And that's all I know about Poul Anderson, except that he writes marvelous stories. [*]

Maid Jennifer. from *A Midsummer Tempest*. by Cat Nerbonne



Poul Anderson was extremely flattered and helpful when he found out that I was putting together an issue of Lan's Lantern honoring his fifty-plus years of writing science fiction and fantasy. He asked what he could do to help, and I suggested an account of his early days in writing. This was the result.

In Days of Old

By Poul Anderson

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This is a high and deeply appreciated compliment, a special issue commemorating my 50 years as a writer, but, good Lord, has it been that long? Half a century? Why, only yesterday – or at most, only last week –

Lan has asked for something about the beginnings. Well, of course, it all goes way back: a childhood moment one summer dusk when I heard my parents wondering aloud whether a red spark in the sky was Mars and whether there might be life on it, and the sudden rush of marvel through me; such grand fantasies as Dr. Dolittle or the Popeye and Alley Oop comic strips as done by their originators; later some Jules Verne; books about astronomy and paleontology and other real science. I drew my own comics until I turned to writing my own stories, just to get more of the imaginative stuff than was otherwise available. At the proverbial age of thirteen I was introduced to science fiction magazines and promptly hooked.

This was courtesy of Neil Waldrop, a classmate during my brief sojourn in the Washington, D.C. area. After my widowed mother moved with my brother and me to Minnesota, Neil and I stayed in touch by mail. In fact, he remained my best friend, because if ever there was a square pigeon in a round hole, it was me in Northfield High School. Also, Mother was struggling to make a go of it on a small farm she'd bought. Naturally, we boys had to help as best we could, while wartime gas rationing added to our social isolation. I compensated by spending much of my tiny allowance on subscriptions to *Astounding*, as *Analog* was then called, and a couple of other science fiction magazines. Their arrival always made my day.

Besides corresponding, Neil and I exchanged stories and poems for mutual comment and encouragement. Neither of us intended to become a writer, unless perhaps on the side. He was headed for a medical career and I wanted to be a physicist, especially on the fascinating frontier of nuclear research.

The farm went broke. Mother sold out when she could for what little she could get and took a job on the library staff at Carleton College. It had its interesting aspects, but didn't pay much. However, before our father's death, he and she had set money aside for their sons' college education, and this fund had been sacred.

Rather than attend Carleton, I chose the University of Minnesota, whose technical college maintained a hardboiled program with virtually nothing of what I in those days –

reacting against the deadliness of high school English – called liberal farts. Any knowledge of the humanities I now have was acquired largely on my own.

Among my fellow students here I found some congenial company and became more sociable. Still, it was a great pleasure when Neil arrived, because at that time Minnesota's pre-med school was outstanding. We spent a lot of time talking.

This was soon after the Second World War had ended at Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Everyone wondered shakily what might come of the new power. Neil and I worked out one grim consequence between us, involving the mutagenic effects of hard radiation. (It's turned out that the scenario was not possible, but nobody then knew that for sure.) I was still writing on the side. A couple of times in my teens I'd submitted to minor magazines and gotten well-earned rejections. Now I wrote this one and showed it to Neil. He insisted it was good enough to send in, and not to anything less than *Astounding*. Borrowing my mother's typewriter, I prepared a manuscript. Because he had developed so much of the idea, I gave him a joint byline, using his initials F.N., but the writing was entirely mine. I put it in the mail.

Time passed. I went off to a summer job in the north woods, returning to school in the fall. One day Mother phoned me at my rooming house. A letter had come from New York. At my request, she opened it and read it to me. John Campbell *liked* my story. He wanted to *buy* it. That kind of experience comes one to a lifetime.

"Tomorrow's Children" appeared early in 1947, with a marvelous Cartier illustration. Of course, it was completely overshadowed by a Jack Williamson novelette, which got the cover, but that didn't matter. In however small a way, I was joining the company of him, Robert Heinlein, Isaac Asimov, A. E. Van Vogt, L. Sprague de Camp, and the other giants.

Having bought a second-hand typewriter for myself, I set out to try again. Campbell accepted my next too, but after that bounced a series of efforts. Nobody else wanted then either, which shows he was right.

A letter of mine did get published in *Thrilling Wonder Stories*, with my address. The late Redd Boggs noticed it and sent me an invitation to the next meeting of the Minneapolis Fantasy Society. This group had originally consisted of boys, with a couple of pros such as Clifford Simak and Carl Jacobi occasionally present. The war came along, most of the boys

went away, and when they returned they were young men. Yet their enthusiasm for science fiction had not lessened, and they revived the club. At first it met in a room at the YMCA.

What an evening that was for me! They were completely kindred souls, and Simak himself was on hand, quietly cordial and kind to everybody. He didn't stay after the program, but several of us found a bar and talked till it closed, then found a coffee shop and talked till dawn. Here was the beginning of some of my closest and most enduring friendships – also a love affair or two later on, but that's outside the range of this reminiscence.

Presently the MFS left the Y. A couple of members were already married and had homes, a couple of other were still with their parents, so we'd gather there. Usually a talk on some subject, or an organized discussion started things off, and these were generally quite good; then a group would make for our favorite pub. And there were other activities, such as parties, publishing a fanzine, ball games, fishing trips, and whatnot.

Meanwhile, I had graduated. That summer I spent in Northfield, writing, though now and then I'd bop up to the city and I went to my first convention, in Toronto, with five others of the gang, all crammed into one small car. Among the things I produced was *The Broken Sword*, my first novel, a fantass drawing on the Eddas and sagas that had influenced me nearly as much as science fiction. It took years to find a publisher. The magazines seemed to be the only game in town.

In the fall of 1948 I moved back to Minneapolis, where a light housekeeping room provided an inexpensive way to live. My brother had now entered college and I was financially on my own, sink or swim. During my senior year I'd tried to line up a job, but a recession was going on and, to tell the truth, my search was half-hearted, I resumed it in desultory fashion, but it soon petered out altogether. When I took a summer job in Colorado in 1949 it was mainly to have a change of scene. I quit early and hitchhiked back in order to go to the convention in Cincinnati.

You see, by then I'd started selling to Campbell again. The third story he bought got the December 1948 cover, and a string of others followed, some of which drew a fair amount of comment. Anything that he still turned down I could generally place elsewhere, albeit for less money. Some went directly to *Planet Stories*, a pulp devoted to space opera, though it occasionally published the likes of Ray Bradbury and William Tenn. These tales gave me a blood-and-thunder reputation that in some minds has persisted to this day, but really amounted just to a dozen or so. Later I became a mainstay not only of *Astounding/Analog* but of *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction (F&SF)*, the latter literarily respectable: at least, it won the endorsement of several prominent New York critics.

It had become clear that nature cut me out to be a writer, not a scientist, and I settled in to do my best. I hope that best has improved over the years.

Meanwhile the MSF had gradually changed from a fan club to a bunch of friends who simply happened to share an interest in science fiction among other things. Two of three of them had written a little of it on the side, and even seen it in print, but didn't think of themselves as writers. One such was Oliver Saari, a top-notch engineer, with whom I drove to the

1950 meeting of the Hydra Club in New York. There was an experience! Giants – no, gods were on hand, Asimov, de Camp, del Rey, Miller, Ley, and more. All were gracious to this brash newcomer. Later that year my brother and I made a jaunt to the West Coast and looked in on the world convention in Portland, where Anthony Boucher was Guest of Honor, co-founder of *F&SF*. He proved to be a delightful person, who eventually became a dear friend.

Besides myself, who'd sort of drifted into the writing profession. The MFS had three members with serious ambitions about it. Clifford Simak was long since well-established, of course. I remember once, early on, telling him about a story I couldn't sell because editors all said it was too long for its content. He replied in his soft, utterly unpretentious style, "The way to shorten a story is to write the last part of it." I did, and the result was well received. But later, to my regret, we hardly ever saw him.

Of the three hopefuls, one tried hard, had a single mystery novel published in paperback, then realized he'd never make a living this way and went, quite successfully, into tech writing. Another, somewhat older, was Theodore Cogswell, a splendid guy with a past as colorful as himself, presently an English instructor at the university. In the course of a few years he sold a number of vivid stories and even had a collection of them issued, but then somehow gave out. He did in academe too, never going for the necessary Ph.D. but having to move to a teacher's college in Indiana and eventually to a jerkwater place in Pennsylvania where among other indignities he was put to teaching freshperson (!) English. Meanwhile, though, he'd put out the now legendary PITFCS (*Proceedings for the Institute for Twentieth First Century Studies*), a sort of letterzine for pros. Advent has lately reprinted it in a large volume.

The third, who really made it for a lifetime's worth, was Gordon Dickson. He and I became close, a comradeship that has lasted for decades and across half a continent. Besides our work, we were both romantics fascinated by history, old ballads, and much else. We tossed ideas back and forth, looked at one another's manuscripts and made suggestions, and from time to time collaborated. He has a wildly inventive sense of humor. Our "Hoka" stories became popular and, as I write this, are scheduled for reissue. The first few appeared in a long defunct magazine, *Other Worlds*, published in Chicago. It's co-editor, Bea Mahaffey, was gorgeous and charming. I sometimes took the train from Minneapolis just to date her, and she was the only editor I ever kissed. If not for the distance between, something more might have come of it. Later the Hokas moved to *F&SF*, then were once in *Analog* and once in a juvenile novel. Now and then I've wondered whether they aren't what Gordy and I will be remembered for.

By 1951 I could afford several months overseas, bicycling and youth hosteling. Homebound, I stopped for a few days in New York. A major reason was to meet John Campbell at last. When I called his office, he invited me right over and, in between tasks, talked with me for hours. Elsewhere I have written at length about him as a fountainhead of story ideas, a father figure to many of us – and, beneath the prickly exterior, a gentle and loveable soul. If certain of his notions were eccentric, for instance with regard to psionics, he never held my disagreements against me, and a few times he caught me

in scientific mistakes.

Trying to save money for more travel, I didn't go much anywhere in 1952, except to the world convention in Chicago. There I encountered a young lady from Maryland by the name of Karen Kruse. We became almost inseparable that weekend, and after we parted maintained an eager correspondence. My mother, brother and I had planned to meet in Europe in 1953 and I couldn't well back out of that, but on the way I first spent several days in Karen's company, and we decided to keep this thing going. Both of us had grown weary of the places we had lived, and thought we'd try our luck in the San Francisco Bay area. I'd visited it before and liked it, and fan acquaintances as well as Tony Boucher lived there, so we wouldn't come as strangers. She moved first; I joined her in fall. We were married late that year.

Back from our honeymoon, we found a stack of telegrams from my agent under the door. A while before, I'd written a novel, experimental enough that the only home it found was a serial in an obscure magazine, which ran one installment and then perished. However, Ballantine Books had launched an ambitious program of publishing high-quality science fiction, with advance payments to the authors that could command such work. They'd seen a copy of my manuscript and wanted the book if certain changes could be made. They'd fly me to New York for discussions. I took Karen along on a redeye, and we had a great time. Ian and Betty Ballantine hosted us one evening in their apartment; our relations afterward were always cordial. An editor of theirs, Bernard Shir-Cliff, took us to an excellent lunch and told me what he thought needed fixing. I didn't entirely agree, but didn't seriously object either. The result was *Brain Wave*, which gave my reputation a considerable boost.

Today novels dominate the science fiction field, but back then they were fewer and nearly all in paperback. After the Ballantine program sharply contracted, a majority came from Ace Books. Often these were "doubles," two together, one upside down with respect to the other. Well, it was a market, not a very profitable one, but the times had grown lean. Usually the text was not too badly mutilated, unless you count the sensationalistic title wished onto it. The late Terry Carr, who worked there for a while, and I once played with the concept of Ace doing the Holy Bible, the Old Testament and New Testament back to back, each cut to exactly 30,000 words, the first renamed *Matter of Chaos* and the second *The Thing with Three Souls*.

As for other editors, Horace Gold's magazine *Galaxy* made a brilliant start, but a number of writers soon became unhappy with it because of his way of making alterations in stories, which we regarded as inept, without consulting us. After one such experience, I stopped writing with him in mind. Years later, under considerable pressure, mostly through PITFCS, he agreed to either reject a story or run it as it was, and I placed a few more there.

Boucher's (originally Boucher's and McComas') *F&SF* was a different matter entirely. Here originality and literary style were actively encouraged, taboos were only those imposed by the postal authorities of the time, every theme from whimsy and slapstick through adventure, hard science, and theology, on to horror and tragedy, was welcome, and the author's text was as scrupulously respected as typography permitted. True, the editor(s) often had good suggestions for

improvement. I remember how, when I showed a character making martinis in a shaker, Tony responded: "They should be stirred in a pitcher, I am sure that on sober reflection you will agree." Another time I mentioned a limerick about a spaceman and a girl in free fall (I'd composed an indifferent one) and he promptly created a version that, while it couldn't then be published, is among the classics.

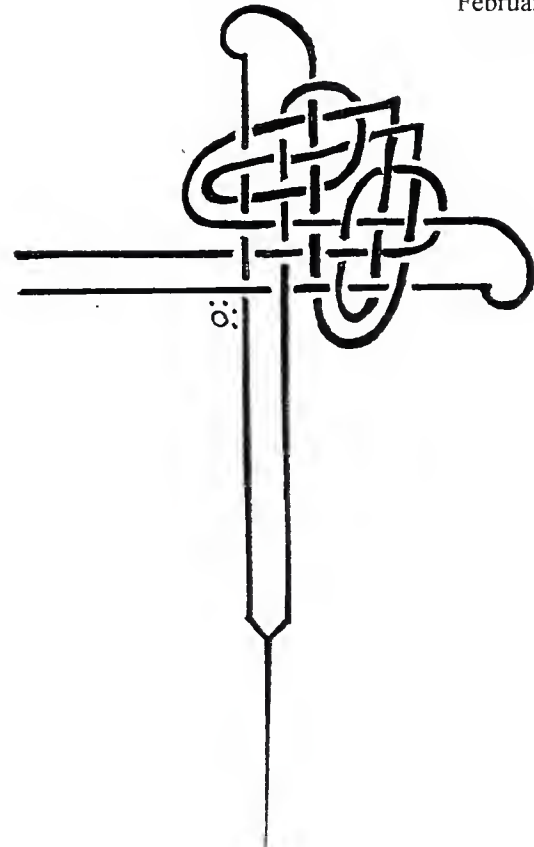
Mostly, though, he offered writers an opportunity to try this and that, to widen their scope for themselves. Campbell appreciated fine writing and had indeed done some himself, but his focus was on ideas, the more challenging the better. Both gave all kinds of help to newcomers and even certain old hands. The field has seen great editors since then, and does right now, but they themselves may share my opinion that these two men took science fiction out of the pulp wallow into which it had fallen after Verne and Wells, and started it in new directions.

One of the benefits of writing it is the wide variety of readers encountered, many of whom do wonderful things for their own livings. I haven't space here to go into detail, but people ranging from a physicist to a prehistorian have given me information, insights, and experiences beyond valuation.

However, first and foremost is my wife Karen. She's published a few things on her own and hopes to do more, but mainly she's worked with me. We've generated ideas between us, she sometimes contributing so much that I've shared the byline in spite of writing the story essentially by myself. She reads more than I do, retains it better, and so points out possibilities to me or corrects me where I've gone wrong. In fact, she calls herself my resident nitpicker, but that's too modest. This arrangement is approaching its own 50th anniversary, and I trust it will last as long as we both do.

[*]

February, 1998



This chart was originally put together by Sandra Miesel but published in *Starship*, a collection by Poul Anderson (Tor Books, © 1982) and copyrighted under Poul's name. Of course, Sandra consulted with Poul to construct this timeline, and it is based in part on the chronology published in *Startling Stories* (Winter, 1955). This is published here with the permission of both authors.

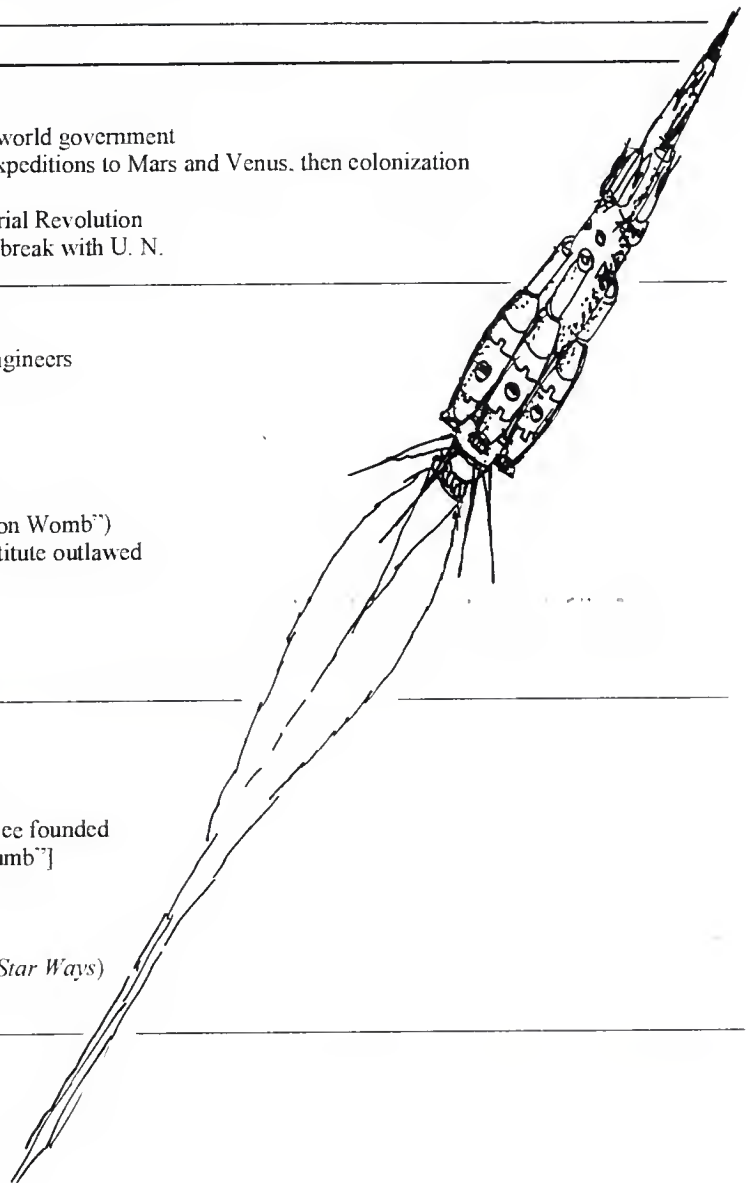
A Chronology of *The Psychotechnic Series*

By Sandra Miesel

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NOTE: Many dates in this chronology are approximate, and Poul Anderson is not bound by them. The stories not collection in these Tor editions are listed in brackets. The three volumes are all published by Tor with the following copyrights: *The Psychotechnic League* © 1981, *Cold Victory* © 1982, and *Star Ship* © 1982.

VOLUME	DATE	EVENT
Volume I <i>The Psychotechnic League</i>	1958	World War III
	1964	"Marius"
	1965	First Conference of Rio makes U. N. world government
	1975	Psychotechnic Institute established Expeditions to Mars and Venus, then colonization
	2004	"The UN-Man"
	2009	"The Sensitive Man"; Second Industrial Revolution
	2035	Second Conference of Rio; Venusian break with U. N.
	2051	"The Big Rain"
Volume II <i>Cold Victory</i>	2055	Planetary Engineering Corps founded
	2070	The New Enlightenment
	2080	Corps becomes Order of Planetary Engineers
	2105	Solar Union founded
	2120	"Quixote and the Windmill"
	2125	Humanist Manifesto published
	2126	First slower-than-light ship launched
	2130	Beginnings of Cosmic religion
	2140	"Holmgang" (formerly "Out of the Iron Womb")
	2170	Humanist Revolt; Psychotechnic Institute outlawed
	2180	"Cold Victory"
2200	"What Shall It Profit?"	
2205	"The Troublemakers"	
2220	["The Snows of Ganymede"]	
2270	"Brake"	
Volume III <i>Star Ship</i>	2300	The Second Dark Ages
	2785	Hyperdrive invented
	2815	"Gypsy": Nomad culture develops
	2875	"Star Ship"
	2900	Stellar Union and Coordination Service founded
	3000	["The Aeolytes" and "The Green Thumb"]
	3100	"The Virgin Planet"
	3110	"Teucan"
	3115	"The Pirate"
	3120	[<i>The Peregrine</i> , (formerly known as <i>Star Ways</i>)
3200	The Third Dark Ages	
post-4000	"The Chapter Ends"	



The chart was originally published in *A Stone in Heaven* by Poul Anderson, Ace Books, © 1979. The chart itself is copyrighted © 1979 by issue Sandra Miesel. Both Poul and Sandra have given me permission to reprint it here.

A Chronology of *Technic Civilization*

By Sandra Miesel
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NOTE: Although Poul Anderson was consulted during the preparation of this chart, he is not responsible for its dating not in any way specifically committed to it. Stories are listed by their most recently published titles. Rounded dates are quite approximate.

DATE	EVENT / STORY	DATE	EVENT / STORY
21 st Century	century of recovery		from "The Man Who Counts," ASF, February-April © 1958 (van Rijn).
22 nd Century	Interstellar exploration; the Breakup; formation of the Commonwealth; planting of early colonies including Hermes.	2427	"Esau," as "Birthright," ASF, February 1970 (van Rijn); "Hiding Place," ASF, March 1961 (van Rijn); "Territory," ASF, June 1963 (van Rijn); "The Trouble Twisters," as "Trader Team," ASF, July-August 1965 (Falkayn).
2150	"Wings of Victory," <i>Analog Science Fiction</i> (cited as ASF), April 1972. Ythri discovered. Discovery of Merseia.	2433	"Day of Burning," as "Supernova," ASF, January, 1967 (Falkayn); "The Master Key," ASF, August 1971 (van Rijn).
23 rd Century	establishment of the Polesotechnic League; colonization of Aeneas and Altai.	2437	<i>Satan's World</i> , Doubleday, 1969 from ASF, May-August, 1968 (van Rijn and Falkayn); "A Little Knowledge," ASF, August 1971; "The Season of Forgiveness," <i>Boy's Life</i> , December 1973.
24 th Century	"The Problem of Pain," <i>Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction</i> (cited as F&SF), February 1973.	2446	"Lodestar," in <i>Astounding: The John W. Campbell Memorial Anthology</i> , edited by Harry Harrison. Random House, © 1973 (van Rijn and Falkayn).
2376	Nicholas van Rijn born; colonization of Vixen.	2456	<i>Mirkheim</i> , Putnam Books. © 1977 (van Rijn and Falkayn).
2400	Council of Hiawatha; colonization of Dennitza.	late 25 th Cent	settlement of Avalon
2406	David Falkayn born	26 th Century	"Wingless on Avalon," <i>Boy's Life</i> , July 1973; "Rescue on Avalon," in <i>Children of Infinity</i> , edited by Roger Elwood, Franklin Watts. © 1973. Dissolution of the Polesotechnic League.
2415	"Margin of Profit." ASF, September 1956 (van Rijn); "How to Be Ethnic in One Easy Lesson," in <i>Future Quest</i> , edited by Roger Elwood, Avon Books, ©1974.		
Stories overlap around	"Three-Cornered Wheel," ASF, October 1963 (Falkayn); "A Sun Invisible," ASF, April 1966 (Falkayn); <i>The Man Who Counts</i> , Ace Books, © 1978 as <i>War of the Wing-Men</i> , Ace Books © 1958,		

DATE	EVENT / STORY
27 th Century	the Time of Troubles; "The Star Plunderer," <i>Planet Stories</i> (cited as PS), September 1952.
28 th Century	Foundation of the Terran Empire; Principate phase begins; Colonization of Unan Bator; "Sargasso of Lost Starships," PS, January 1952.
29 th Century	<i>The People of the Wind</i> , New American Library from ASF, February-April 1973.
30 th Century	The Covenant of Alfzar
3000	Dominic Flandry born.
3019	<i>Ensign Flandry</i> . Chilton, 1966. Abridged version in <i>Amazing</i> (cited as Amz), October 1966.
3021	<i>A Circus of Hells</i> . New American Library, 1970. Incorporates "The White King's War," <i>Galaxy</i> (cited as Gal), October 1969. Flandry is a Lieutenant (j.g.).
3022	Josip succeeds Georgios as Emperor
3025	<i>The Rebel Worlds</i> . New American Library, 1969. Flandry is a Lt. Commander, then promoted to Commander.
3027	"Outpost of Empire," Gal, December 1967 (non-Flandry).
3028	<i>The Day of their Return</i> . Doubleday, 1973 (non-Flandry).
3032	"Tiger by the Tail," PS January 1951. Flandry is a Captain.
3033	"Honorable Enemies," <i>Future combined with Science Fiction Stories</i> , May 1951.
3035	"The Game of Glory," <i>Venture</i> , March 1958. Flandry has been knighted.
3037	"A Message in Secret," as <i>Mayday Orbit</i> , Ace Books, 1961, from a shorter version "A Message in Secret," <i>Fantastic</i> , December 1959.
3038	"A Plague of Masters," as <i>Earthman, Go Home</i> , Ace Books, 1961, from "A Plague of Masters," <i>Fantastic</i> , December 1960-January 1961.

DATE	EVENT / STORY
3040	"Hunters of the Sky Cave," as <i>We Claim These Stars!</i> Ace Books, 1959, from abridged version, "A Handful of Stars," AMZ, June 1959.
3041	Interregnum: Josip dies, after three years of civil war; Hans Molitor rules as sole Emperor.
3042	"The Warriors from Nowhere," as "The Ambassadors of Flesh," PS, Summer 1954.
3047	<i>A Knight of Ghost and Shadows</i> . New American Library, 1975, from GAL, September/October-November/December 1974.
3054	Hans Mollitor dies, succeeded by Dietrich, then Gerhart.
3061	<i>A Stone in Heaven</i> . Ace Books, 1979. Flandry is Vice Admiral. <i>The Game of Empire</i> . Baen Books
3063	Flandry is an Admiral. Dominate Phase
early 4 th millennium	Fall of the Terran Empire
mid-4 th millennium	The Long Night
3600	"A Trgedy of Errors," Gal. February 1968.
3900	<i>The Night Face</i> . Ace Books, 1978, as <i>Let the Spacemen Beware!</i> Ace Books, 1963, from a shorter version "A Twelvemonth and a Day," <i>Fantastic Universe</i> , January 1960.
4000	"The Sharing of Flesh," Gal December 1968.
7100	"Starfog," ASF, August 1967.



When I mentioned to my good friend Tim that I wanted him to contribute something to this special, he jumped at the chance to write about Poul Anderson's poetry couched in the dialogue of *A Midsummer Tempest*. He had mentioned this aspect of Poul's writing to me several years ago, and I had not forgotten his enthusiasm then. You should enjoy this.

Hidden Poetry in Poul Anderson's *A Midsummer Tempest*

By Timothy Nowinski

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A Midsummer Tempest is one of the many marvelous fantasies that Poul Anderson has written. The basis of this world is that whatever was written by William Shakespeare is considered fact. Thus the Faerie Folk of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and the creatures in *The Tempest* are as real as the characters in *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, and the other histories. John Clute, in his write-up of Poul Anderson in *The Encyclopedia of Science Fiction* (edited by John Clute and Peter Nicholls, St. Martin's Press, 1993), says that this is a sequel to Anderson's *Three Hearts and Three Lions*. This may be because the hero of that novel, Holger Carlsen, appears in the mystical and magical tavern The Old Phoenix, which is visited by Prince Rupert and his companion Will Fairweather. I think this is only a sequel in theme, in that the plots and characters of the two novels are based in literature. The fact that Holger appears with Rupert is a neat device to tie them together as alternate worlds. There is a reference made to the Time Patrol series in the Tavern scenes, that there are N factorial alternate worlds (timelines), where N represents the number of matter and energy particles in the universe. The scientific theory is spoken by Valerie Matuchek, most probably the daughter of Steve and Virginia Matuchek of the *Operation Chaos* series of stories. I would not put it past Anderson to have had the idea in mind of tying together some of his series when he wrote that scene in The Old Phoenix. But this is off the topic.

The one thing I noticed in *A Midsummer Tempest*, which is the subject of this article, is that Poul Anderson hid some poetry in the lines of dialogue. The first indication of this was on the copyright page where he writes:

The poem in Chapter XXI beginning "There will be other times" was originally published under that title in *Smörgåsbord*. Copyright © 1959 by Poul Anderson, and used by a permission which was not especially difficult to obtain.

Now, there are a number of places where poems are written as such, with indentations and all, but what of the others? This copyright notice sent me searching for the poem

when I got to that chapter and I realized it wasn't in a form that was recognizable, that is, not written as a poem. It was couched as a quiet speech given by King Charles to his officers. In reading it through and trying to rewrite it in a form that rhymes and scans correctly as iambic pentameter (with a little stretching), I found I had to eliminate the phrase of address, "my comrades." I can't compare this to the poem which appeared in *Smörgåsbord*, since I am unable to find a copy (Lan doesn't have it), but I think this is a good approximation of what it probably was. Here is the poem:

There will be other times. There will be
A day of trumpets. This we must believe.
Now when all flags guide corpses to the sea,
And ships lie hollow on a smoking shore,
Broken of bone, and windy shadows weave
A dark about tall widows turning whore
To feed gashed children, I must say that more
Days shall remain than hobnailed victors thieve.
And if our iron's broken, there's still ore –
Stones of our sharded cities lying free
To sharpen it – and if you should perceive
Rust and the dimness in us do it silently.

With this clue and Poul Anderson's humorous presentation in the copyright notice, I began to look for other poems hidden in the dialogue. There are places where you might think there are poems, particularly when the Faerie Folk speak, and places where there is a monologue, but several passages as such do not give forth any sort of rhyme, though many were written in metrical prose. In the middle of Chapter VI, one female of a swarm of Faerie Folk speaks to King Oberon in answer to his request of the whereabouts of Queen Titania:

I lately flitted past, Lord Oberon,
And heard her say to Puck she'd fain begone,
If he would be her company and guide
And saddle two swift night winds for to ride
Southward and south, in flight from poisoned town,
Blowing through goodfolks' dreams like thistledown,

To seek our loved, abandoned home in Greece
 And scout if we might there at last find peace
 From Turkish curses – not be driven forth
 Again to this now likewise wretched North –

Oberon interrupts her to issue orders that his Queen be found, but the rhymed couplets which would probably continue are quite apparent when written this way, though not necessarily seen when written as dialogue in the novel.

There is another example in Chapter VII when Oberon and Titania present Prince Rupert and Maid Jennifer with the bejeweled asp rings of true love. The binding of the rings to lovers takes the form of a poem. Oberon begins, with an answer by the couple Prince Rupert and Maid Jennifer, followed by Titania's speech. The final couplet is spoken by both Oberon and Titania"

"By oak and ash and springtime whitened thorn,
 Through ages gone and ages to be born,
 By earth below, by air rising higher,
 By ringing waters, and by living fire,
 By life and death, I charge that ye say true
 If ye do now give faith for faith."

"We do."

"Place each a ring upon the other's hand
 And may the sign of binding prove a band
 That joins youth to maiden, man to wife,
 And lights the way upon your search through life."

"Farewell! And if the roads ye find be rough,
 Keep love alive and so have luck enough."

This poem closely resembles a sonnet, but it is only 12 lines long. Still, as a wedding poem from the Faerie Folk it suffices well enough. When read aloud it is a powerful declaration, and in a more elaborate way says basically that love can conquer all things.

My last example is a monologue, almost a prayer, said by Maid Jennifer at the beginning of Chapter V. This is a true sonnet, again placed in dialogue form. Maid Jennifer understands what a bleak future the prisoner Prince Rupert has at the hands of her uncle Malachi Shelgrave and his fellow roundheads. Thus she says:

I hear the linnet and the dark declare
 That we have seen all murkiness depart.
 The flowers flaunt their hues through brilliant air
 And it is only raining in my heart.
 When yesterday I heard of thy great woe,
 A lightning bolt struck lurid hellfire white,
 I hear the thunder toll, the storm wind blow,
 And nothing else through centuries of night.
 But day must break and gales lie down to rest,
 And sunshine hunt the clouds across the sea.
 Alone in nature is human breast,
 Where grief, like love, may dwell eternally.
 Unless there come an ending to thy pain,
 I must forever stand and wait in rain.

This is a wonderful tribute to the world of Shakespeare upon which Anderson based this novel. To put in dialogue passages of poetry is to honor the Immortal Bard. Are there other poems couched in the prose and dialogue of *A Midsummer Tempest*? I am sure there are, but I would need to search more closely. Then again, why spoil *your* fun. Read the novel for yourself and pay attention to the metrical prose, the references to Shakespeare, and see if you can find more poetry hidden in the prose. [*]

June, 1998



The Maid Jennifer. from *A Midsummer Tempest*. By Colleen Doran.

Poul Anderson was asked to be the Professional Guest of Honor at the Detroit Worldcon, Detention, in 1959. Howard Devore was on the committee, and here he describes the process of how Poul was chosen. Tongue-in-cheek, of course.

Poul Anderson

A Man of Decisions

By Howard Devore

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In the nineteen fifties, Detroit bid for a World Science Fiction Convention almost every year. Things were different then, and frequently, bids were a spur-of-the-moment decisions. Anyone could bid with no advanced planning. Sometimes two or three Detroiters would simply stand up at the current Worldcon and announce they were bidding for the next one, and minutes later the ballot counting would begin. And year after year Detroit lost.

In 1958, the Detroit fans finally made a serious bid, with promotion and advanced planning, and they wound up the winners. There were only eight people on the committee and these eight people were able to put on the convention with very little outside help. Finances were low. The Solacon committee turned over to us their entire profits from the 1958 World Convention (held in South Gate, outside Los Angeles; it had been combined with a Westercon that year) – a total of about forty-five dollars.

Eventually it came time to pick and announce a Guest of Honor for our 1959 World Science Fiction Convention. The committee selected a group of possible guests. Sometimes a possible guest wanted to accept but could not do so because he couldn't afford it. In those early days it was not customary to pay the expenses of guests. Few conventions had the income to do so, and a guest might well pay for his own hotel bill, food, and travel expenses.

The committee picked a major writer – one who could afford to pay his own expenses – and wrote to him. He replied that he had been quite sick and might not be able to come because of his illness. He asked if the committee could wait a few weeks or months for his answer. We agreed to do so and waited patiently.

The weeks did become months, and soon it was the Spring of 1959, and Detroit still had not announced its Guest of Honor. Fans started asking the committee, "Do you have a GoH or not?" The question was asked more frequently, and discontent became louder, so eventually the committee contacted the would-be guest. He finally, and reluctantly, agreed that his health was still too precarious for him to commit himself to attending, and that it might be wiser to pick someone else.

Roger Sims came to my house and said, "Well, we're not going to get him. What do we do now?"

Roger and I talked it over and decided that we had to write to the next author on the list. We realized that an exchange of letters could take a couple of weeks. He might not answer immediately, so the exchange could take another month, and we still might not have a GoH. It was the middle of May by this time, and the convention would be held in three months, with or without a Guest of Honor.

Roger and I made the decision. We would call the next person on the list long distance, and if he refused, phone the next one. Damn the expense – we *would* get a GoH. This was one of only two long-distance calls we made that year. Our finances were still precarious. The U.S. Government had tried to drive us into bankruptcy by raising the cost of postage from 3¢ to 4¢. We had responded by raising the membership fee from \$1 to \$2, and were strongly criticized for doing so.

I told Roger that the next person on the list was Poul Anderson and I would call him to invite him to be the Guest of Honor. While I had never met Poul at that time, I had been in an Amateur Press Association with his wife Karen for some years. I thought this might give me an advantage. When I dialed their house in Orinda, California, Karen answered and I asked to speak to Poul. At long distant rates I didn't bother to explain the circumstances to her – why, I could run up a three dollar bill in no time if I did that!

I explained to Poul that we had been waiting for an acceptance from someone else and now he couldn't accept, so we wanted to invite him to be the Guest of Honor. I added that we were flat broke and all I could offer him was a double room for four days rent free and two free banquet tickets. He would have to cover everything else himself.

Poul hesitated a second, then asked how soon we would need an answer. I told him that we were very, very far behind our schedule for the Worldcon, and that I could wait on the phone while he made the decision. Poul hesitated for a moment, then said, "Okay, I accept. We'd been thinking of buying a new car anyway and if we're going to drive cross country we might as well do it in a new car."

The whole process had taken perhaps five minutes and cost us less than five dollars. Roger and I then sat down to

prepare a press release for various magazines and fanzines announcing our Guest of Honor.

Poul and Karen made great Guests, and we did our best to honor both of them – just as long as it didn't cost us any money. But we relaxed that policy during the convention, and presented the couple with a case of imported Danish beer.

I guess Poul forgave me my abrupt manner on the phone. Some forty years later we still exchange Christmas cards and a rare letter. Thinking back on it, I suppose, perhaps, we *could* have covered his expenses. As I recall, when the convention was over we made a profit of about \$120 and passed that on to Pittsburgh for their upcoming World Science Fiction Convention. After all, that was nearly three times what we had started with! [*]

November, 1998

Detention, 1959, banquet. From left to right: John Berry, Isaac Asimov, Poul Anderson, Karen Anderson, Robert Bloch, George Young, Mary Young.



Bill was quick to respond with a part serious and part whimsical article about Poul and his work. Hope you enjoy it as I did.

The Influential Anderson

By Bill Bridget

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Poul Anderson wrote about heroes and about clear-cut notions of Good and Evil untainted with situation ethics. His characters may have had a shade or two of grey in their own make-up to overcome, like Holger the Dane in *Three Hearts and Three Lions*, but they didn't sell out or go back to Avalon with Morgan LeFay to make whoopee while Europe burns because Charlemagne was never awakened in the nick of time.

In another early influence, *The High Crusade*, we were presented with a hypothetically "primitive" society from Medieval England, which is invaded by a superior technological force. But technology used without any intelligence behind it, as in the case of the invasion of my wife's e-mail mailbox last December, proved disastrous for the invaders with their Byzantine societal structure. All those English clothyard shaft wielders wanted to do was go to their Holy Land and defend their Holy Grails, their

Enchanted Duplicators. But no! The purple techno-wiseguys had to get clever and whisk that bunch of agrarians off to (cyber)space to their own turf where their devices of warfare would surely make short work of the primitives! That's what happens when people don't do their homework before they start messing around with somebody they shouldn't have been messin' with in the first place.

Then too, there were the Hoka. These lovable little Teddy Bears of Poul Anderson and Gordon Dickson will seem to modern fans like a brazen rip-off of Steven Spielberg's Ewoks, but, of course, the Hoka tales go back much farther, germinating in the two writers' fertile imaginations back in the early 50s (I think). [The first Hoka story appeared in 1953. – *Lan*] I will acknowledge that the Hoka are a direct ancestor of the *trools* of Nicki Lynch and my wife A. J. Barker-Bridget – and close relatives of Piper's *Little Fuzzy* as well. Trools, as you know, were once

endemic in all fannish homes, small and gentle little beasts first discovered as Nicki was proofreading my wife's column for *Chat*, the Chattanooga newszine, but they had been there all along, quietly hiding amid the piles of unlocced zines and the unanswered as yet correspondences. Victor Gonzalez and Andy Hooper never had any Trools, only the electronic counterpart, TRULLS.

Anyway, AJ was working on her column for CHAT, the CHASFA clubzine. Her columns were of the human-interest variety, based on the local personalities of Chattanooga fandom of its day, such as that most eligible hunk of ChattaCon concomm, Shelby Bush. Shelby had a Savin photocopier that could turn out halftoned pages in shades of greys – he was good-looking, a fine apahack, and a terribly prominent fan artist. But in addition to all that, Shelby, the most eligible bachelor in Chattanooga Fandom, had a troll. This troll named Cecil lived under the condemned Walnut Street Bridge, downtown, from which vantage point Cecil spent its days looking down on practically everyone. Cecil would be quite fannish in the respect.

As AJ was knocking out this filler material about Shelby on the keys of Timmy the Tiny Typewriter, trying to make her *CHAT* deadline, a word simply jumped right up off the pages and caught Nicki Lynch by the corner of her eye/

"A trool?" she asked. "What is a trool?"

"Well, *this* is a trool," AJ said as she pointed to one on her page, and she began to explain and to embellish and to

further describe her trool. "Quite suddenly and unexpectedly, they were not just on her pages, but they were all over the Lynch's house.

And not just the Lynch house – they were everywhere: with Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens, and with Alan Quartermain in the caverns of the Ice Gods; with Professor Challenger on the Escarpment of the Lost World, and with Professor Quatermass in the Pit. For they had the power of crossing over just as Anderson's Hoka the power to cross over and be with Holmes as he closes in on the Baskerville hound and in the desert with the Lost Legion. And because they had the additional power of reproduction, they were also able to be in every fannish home. Marilyn "Fuzzy Pink" Niven even reported that they, she and her husband Larry, had trools.

And they reproduced by *mimeography*. Unlike *cohorts* (from the Trekkish *co-horta*), who were altogether female and Star-Trek-ishly writing stories about Spock's love life (the round-heeled Vulcan Romeo was a lot more discreet than James "Tomcat" Kirk), reproduced by means of spirit duplicators and always hated themselves the next morning... unlike cohorts, trools were mail, er, were *male*, and reproduced by mimeography, and had no regrets.

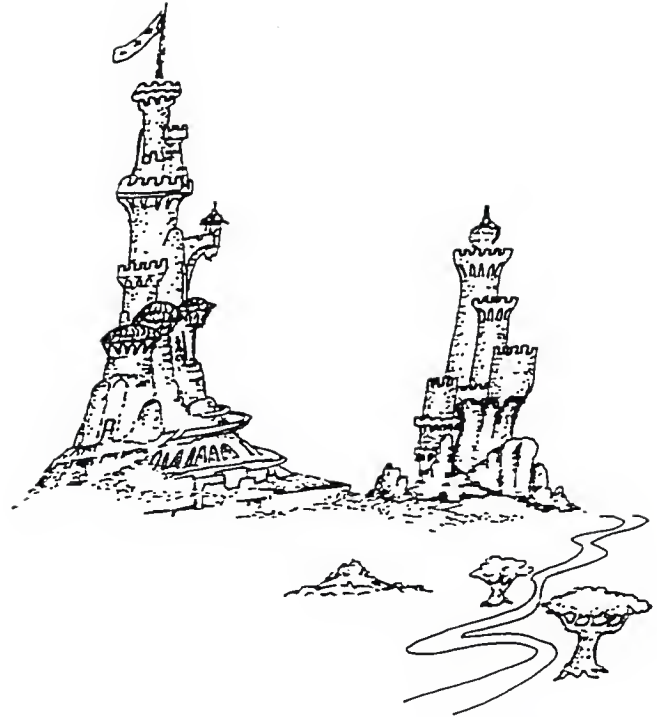
And that was Poul Anderson's influence on my wife's fosterlings, the Trools! [*]

July, 1998



The Time Patrol

By Lan



One of Poul Anderson's enduring creations is the set of ten stories (as of this writing) that involve the Time Patrol. The readers of this series know that each story is self-contained, written so that it can stand alone. But reading all of them gives an interlocked picture of characters and storylines that fit together very well.

Because of the independence of each story, the basic idea behind the establishment of the Patrol, as well as its duties and limitations, is repeated. In 19,352 AD, time travel was discovered and the inventors were immediately visited by the Danellians, a race from more than a million years in the future, who establish the Time Patrol to preserve themselves and ensure that they will exist in the future. Members of the Time Patrol understand that they have their own existence to preserve as well.

Time and the universe are held together by a set of forces like rubber bands. Tweak one and it tends to snap back into position. Most subtle changes in the time stream even out after a few years. But there are certain nexus points, people and events whose existence is such that any change in their existence can alter the future. There are some obvious points in our own history: the Birth and Crucifixion of Jesus, Lincoln's assassination, Hitler's rise to power, and so on. Poul Anderson avoids such obvious points and concentrates on more subtle aspects of history. It sometimes takes a considerable amount of detective work to find out who or what those nexus points are, lending an air of mystery and detection to the stories. But more about this later.

Paradoxes can occur, but they are avoided if at all possible. The most obvious one is going into the past and preventing your parents from meeting. This does *not* mean you no longer exist. You have put yourself into another time-stream (and there is an infinite value relationship in the time continuum of $4n$ dimensions, where n is the total number of

particles in the universe). Return to your present and you might meet yourself, but not the same exact you, for your parents are now different, but you are part of this new timestream. Some paradoxes can occur when it is discovered that active participation of time agents created the history they were to preserve, and removing them alters the future. In general, Time Patrol agents need to be careful.

Agents of the Time Patrol are trained for field work – mainly within their own time period, or a period that interests them – in an academy set in the American West during the Oligocene period, about 31,275,000 BC. People are recruited from all time periods, but the Patrol tries to get individuals from the same set of centuries to train together, otherwise there might be too great a difference in their ways of thinking. Some agents reach an Unattached status and can work in many eras, but these are rare individuals. All agents are psychologically conditioned against revealing the existence of time travel or the Time Patrol to anyone except other agents, or those cleared to know. Life-prolonging drugs from the future, and viruses to help fight off diseases from all periods are given to each agent. Marriage is allowed, both between agents, and with the inhabitants of the period in which an agent is working.

As one might imagine, the cast of characters who are Time Patrol agents is fairly large, but not really enough to handle everything that needs to be done for the millennia over which they have jurisdiction. Anderson singles out a few characters, his chief one being Manse Everard, recruited in 1954 AD.

Manse appears in every Tim Patrol story. In some he is the main character, in others he plays a minor role. Even though much is written about him, he still remains a mystery. At times he is tactless, saying impolite things at inopportune times; other times he is a perfect gentleman. Raised in the Midwestern United States in the middle of the twentieth

century, he is sometimes too old-fashioned for those from future times, sometimes too brash for people from earlier times. He seems to want a serious relationship, but is unable to make one work out for him. Whether it was Bronwen in Tyre in 950 BC ("Ivory, and Apes, and Peacocks") or Deidre in an alternate future of 1960 ("Delenda Est), or Agent Janne Flores (*The Star of the Sea*), Manse has had little success with his love life, committing to a relationship, and settling down. It is possible that with the most recent stories involving Wanda Tamberly ("Year of the Ransom" and *The Shield of Time*), he might eventually find love and commitment.

Even when Manse is involved in the stories and in some sort of character interaction, it seems that he looks at everything clinically, with a detachment that prevents him from getting involved. That he cares is evident from many of the things he does. For example, he makes sure that the slave Bronwen is taken care of in "Ivory, and Apes, and Peacocks," as well as Pum and Sarai, two other characters in the story. He also shows immense loyalty toward Keith Denison, making sure that he can return to his time period in "Brave to Be a King," instead of having to play out the life of King Cyrus of ancient Iran. And there are other numerous examples. But Anderson seems to keep Manse Everard a character apart from finding true happiness.

Is this a fault on the part of Anderson to have created such a character? I think not. Manse Everard is the one constant in all the stories, and we return to him as someone who is basically unchanged. Thus he becomes an anchor amid the chaos that frequently erupts in the stories. So it remains for the other characters to become more emotionally involved, and the most changed, in these adventures.

This happens in the very first story of the series, "Time Patrol." Charles Whitcomb, Manse's partner in this adventure, is from the World War II era, and he lost his fiancée Mary Nelson in London during a bombing run by the Germans in 1944. After the two wrap up their assignment in 464 AD, Whitcomb slips off to rescue Mary Nelson. Manse, figuring out what Whitcomb was doing when he didn't report in as he should have, arranges for Mary Nelson to escape the bombing, and appeals to the Danellians for a resolution in the apparent paradox. The Danellians agree with his decision to allow Charles and Mary (Nelson) Whitcomb to settle in Victorian England (ca. 1850), and restored the time sequence that Nelson died in the bombing, and Whitcomb drowned three years later. Manse's work in understanding how to eliminate such paradoxes elevated him to Unattached status. In terms of caring, the character Charles Whitcomb was willing to give up his position as a Time Patrol agent in order to save the woman he loved. As for Manse, he cared enough to arrange for the two lovers to be together.

In "Brave to Be a King," Laurie Denison contacts Manse to investigate the whereabouts of her husband who had not returned from his mission as planned. Using his status as Unattached agent, Manse looks into the matter and discovers that Keith Denison's time-cycle (named so because he resembles a motorcycle without wheels) could not be located in the era to which he was sent. Disguised as Meander from Athens, Manse explores Persia (ancient Iran) in 542 BC and finds that Keith has had to take on the historic role of King Cyrus, following a prophecy asserted some sixteen years earlier. There seemed to be no way for Keith to shorten his

stay in Persia, but would have to run the entire life span that history assigned to King Cyrus. However, jumping into the past to proclaim the prophecy, and arranging for another man (the real Cyrus) to take Keith's place, allowed Keith to return to his beloved Laurie. Not only did this story show how Time Patrol agents can become part of the timestream, it shows how much love can affect the actions. There was also a certain amount of investigation work that needed to be done, putting the story into the mystery category as well.

Keith Denison also appears in *The Shield of Time*. The past has been changed, and his movement forward to 1980 puts him in a world which is dominated by the Catholic Church with enforcement by the inquisition. His appearance out of thin air makes him suspect of being in league with the devil. His quick wits save his life, but he is stuck in an alternate future in which he will die unless he can get back to a time period before the event that altered the time stream is corrected.

Wanda Tamberly is the person who rescues him. Keith ingratiates himself with the Archcardinal who allows him to design a garden with a message for his (Keith's) people on Mars, from where he convinced the Archcardinal he came. The design was an hourglass – the symbol of the Time Patrol – with a red circle and slash through it. Wanda found it in 1989 and interpreted it correctly. She timed her rescue of Keith carefully so that neither could be harmed seriously. As it is, Keith is shot as they flee and return to 18244 BC, well before the nexus point.

Manse Everard and Janne Floris are the main Time Patrol operatives in the novel *The Star of the Sea*. Janne gets wrapped up in her role of finding out where a second version of *Histories* by Tacitus came from. Through her investigations she finds that the nexus point seems to be the woman Veleda, whose preaching among the Germanic tribes encourages them to drive the Romans from their lands and crush the Roman Empire utterly. Veleda is aided by a fellow countryman, Heidhin, and several other Germans who believe in her cause, one of which is Civilus, a Roman Officer "turned rebel" to aide his Germanic people.

Janne and Manse begin their investigation in 69-70 AD, but as they gather evidence that points to the woman Weal Edh (Veleda) as the nexus, they jump further back in time and locale to find out why she hates the Romans so. Through 60, 49, and 43 AD, they pursue Weal Edh and discover that she was raped by a group of Roman sailors on the shore of her island home. Heidhin tried to save her but was knocked unconscious by the sailors. Floris, seeing what was happening, jumped into the fight with her time-cycle and its weapons, and killed a number of the sailors. Manse could not stop her, so helped her save Weal Edh. Floris, then, became the image of Weal Edh's goddess Niaerdha, the deity for whom she swore her vengeance against the Romans. Floris, through her interference, helps set history aright by guiding Veleda and eventually getting her to make peace with the Romans so the original version of Tacitus' *Histories* were made valid.

In this story we see how Janne Floris gets wrapped up in the plight of this single woman who has the potential to change the historical line that led the Roman world into our own. Had she not done so, a different history could have brought about a different future in which what we know has

happened might not have happened. At the end of this adventure, Manse and Janne *almost* get together, but they decide that such a relationship would not work out for them.

The Romans are featured in another adventure, "Delenda Est," in which one of the characters gets involved with a "historical" figure. A Venusian, Van Sarawak, and Manse Everard go forward in time to a different 1960 AD and are captured along with their time-cycle. There is no English-based language, but Manse is able to communicate ancient Greek through a lovely woman-scholar named Deidre, who is the niece of the high-ranking official in charge of investigating these two strangers. They eventually find that the nexus point appeared in Roman times with Rome being captured by Hannibal. They narrow the exact turning point as the death of Publius Cornelius Scipio, both father and son, at the Battle of Ticinus. The Son was supposed to have saved the Father and retreat before the overwhelming charge of Hannibal, his elephants and the Carthaginians then rally the Roman forces to defeat Hannibal. Instead, both Scipios were killed.

After regaining their time-cycle, the two retreat to the past before the nexus point and prepare to save their future by saving the Scipio family. Manse finds that the death of Scipio Elder and Younger was arranged by the Neldorians, a group of Humans from 250,000 AD, who wanted to change history to suit themselves and leave them in power. Manse and other agents ensure the safety of the two Scipios, and thus save their timeline, but wiping out the future they had visited, except for one person – Deidre.

When Everard and Sarawak recaptured their time-cycle and escaped back into the past, Sarawak grabbed Deidre and brought her with them. He had fallen in love with the lovely scholar (as had Manse) and wanted to save her from oblivion when the time stream was set aright. Van Sarawak settles with Deidre in his own century on Venus.

The story doesn't give much to developing the relationship between the Venusian and Deidre, or the "love from afar" role that Manse assumes. What is striking is the loss of a very well worked-out future based on that change in history, and the loss of the lives of all those people as a result of setting the time-stream onto its corrected course. Deidre becomes a tragic figure in the sense that she doesn't understand what exactly has happened, only that the "magic" which saved her cannot allow her to return home again. So she is cut off from all family ties.

Perhaps the most engaging story and most emotionally wrought is "The Sorrow of Odin the Goth." Carl Farness begins doing fieldwork to investigate the "literature" of the Germanic "Dark Ages," from 300-372 AD. He studied the bardic songs of the Nibelung-Volsung cycle. Carl adopts the guise of The Wanderer, with visits to Winnithar and his people in 300 AD. He falls in love with Winnithar's daughter Jorith, marries her and fathers a child Dagobert whose birth kills Jorith. From then on, until 372 AD, Carl watches over his descendents until he must make sure that history remains on course by arranging and allowing the deaths of his grandsons.

The guise of The Wanderer was a powerful one, which recurs in several mythologies from Greek and Roman to the Germanic/Gothic and Nordic legends. He was the patron of travelers and traders, symbolized by wearing a hat and cloak

and brandishing a staff or spear. In the Gothic/Nordic tradition, this was Odin or Wodan, eventually personified as Odin or Wotan, the leader of the gods. Using this powerful mythic figure – actually helping to develop it – Carl Farness becomes wrapped up in the lives and events of his descendents and pulls the reader along with him. There are frequent cuts to the present time as Carl visits his wife Laurie who listens patiently to the developments of his mission and offers sympathy and comfort, and consults with Manse Everard when she becomes worried that he might be too involved with the work. Manse feels the same way, and when Carl does get overwhelmed by his relationship with his Gothic family, it is he who must carry out the unpleasant task mentioned above, making sure that history comes out right by allowing his grandsons to be killed.

This is one story where the "sorrow" of the title is felt by the readers as well as the main character. By living with the Goths and caring for them as friends, particularly as depicted through the eyes of Carl Farness, the reader comes to know the anguish Carl feels and the torment he has in making the final appearance to cause the death of his own flesh and blood. I found it the most poignant of the Time Patrol stories.

Probably the most developed of the characters is Wanda Tamberly. She appears in two stories: the novella "Year of the Ransom," and the novel *The Shield of Time*.

In "Year of the Ransom," Steve Tamberly poses as the Franciscan friar Estaban Tannaquil in Peru as part of Francisco Pizarro's conquest of that country. Tamberly is making holographic records of the gold artifacts being gathered by the Incans to pay for the ransom of their leader Atahualpa in 1533 AD. The Captain of the guards, Luis Castelet, doesn't trust Friar Estaban and accompanies him in the treasure room. Thus, he too is captured along with Tamberly by a band of Exultationists, a renegade group from the 31st century who are trying to use time travel (as the Neldorians) to make themselves powerful in their own time period. Merau Varagan and his people interrogate Tamberly with a device called a kyradex which overcomes the Time Patrol conditioning against telling non-members about the organization. Luis listens intently, learning simply how to operate the time-cycle, then seizes an opportunity to grab Tamberly and escape on the time-cycle to 2937 BC. He questions Tamberly further about how to operate the finer instruments of the cycle and eventually heads for 1987, where he captures Wanda Tamberly. Using her uncle as a hostage, he hopes to force her to get some modern weapons that he can take back to his time period and help Spain become a world power in the name of the Catholic Church.

Eventually Manse Everard is alerted to the problem that Steve Tamberly is missing. He contacts Wanda, and thus begins an affair of hearts, which continues into the novel *The Shield of Time*. With Manse's expertise and Wanda's determination to help, they defeat Luis and the Exultationists (though three escape to appear in the novel), and keep the timeline secure. As for Wanda, she passes the initial tests and is recruited into the Time Patrol. The relationship that Manse and Wanda have is purely platonic to start with, but as the two move through the events of *The Shield of Time*, the reader sees it becoming more serious.

The Shield of Time is a novel of many parts. Wanda goes through her training and becomes involved in her own

adventurous fieldwork in 13,212 BC before joining the main plot line where one man in two events of history becomes the nexus point. Also in the novel, Manse Everard cleans up the last of the Exultationists (in 209 BC in Persia) and thus prevents them from ever troubling the Time Patrol again.

Wanda begins her work with a study of primitive man in the region bordering the Bering Strait, before the Asian and North American land masses separated. She becomes a caregiver to Aryuk and his People, the Tulat. When they are confronted by a new group, a hunter-gatherer tribe from Asia, she takes the Tulat under her protection. When she is joined by Ralph Corwin, who wants more to study the Asian tribe, there is a conflict between the two. He is the more experienced agent, and tries not to interfere, whereas Wanda's caring instinct puts her at risk in trying to protect her friends from being overcome and killed by the hunters. She manages to save some of the tribe, but is unable to prevent the death of Aryuk, which is a very traumatic experience for her.

From that adventure Wanda moves ahead in time to eventually rescue Keith Denison (mentioned above), and finally becomes the pivotal character in setting the timestream on track.

Lorenzo de Conti is the key nexus figure – not once, but twice. In 1137 AD, Lorenzo killed King Roger and his son, Duke Rainulf of Apulia in Italy, preventing the Golden Renaissance of Italy. Once Manse and other agents stopped that from happening, by knocking Lorenzo unconscious so he could not kill the King and the Duke in battle, they found the timeline still not back in place. Nine years after that battle, Lorenzo was supposed to go on a Crusade to the Holy Land, but instead became engaged to be married and settle down. Wanda arrives as the wife of another TP agent, and it was her job to seduce Lorenzo away from his intended bride and arrange for him to go on the Crusade where he would die. Things don't quite work out as planned, and Manse and Wanda end up killing Lorenzo themselves, and in the process restore the proper timestream.

Through these adventures we see Wanda developing as a Time Patrol agent, though she still has much to learn. We also see Manse becoming more enamored of her, even though there is a large age difference. How this will eventually turn out I left for Anderson to write in the future.

Aside from the adventures mentioned above (and not all the stories were covered), and the features I've pointed out, there are other interesting aspects to the stories. Because of the nexus points chosen by Anderson, the reader learns more about the side roads of history. In "The Only Game in Town," one learns about the Chinese expedition sent to explore the New World on the West Coast of North America. In "Ivory, and Apes, and Peacocks," one learns how some seemingly insignificant port (Tyre) could be the cultural center and guardian of other cultures, such as Judaism. Roman history abounds in many stories, and that has probably sent many readers to the history books to read more about some of the fascinating eras of Rome. And then there are the Goths and their legends, and their relationship to the Romans. Through the writing of these stories, Anderson sparks an interest in real history, and even though he does write a concise synopsis of what happens in each period, sometimes one can get the real timelines confused with the alternate ones.

One of the subtler aspects of the stories is the contrast of the horror of war, and what is acceptable in the various time periods. The loss of children at an early age was common until only the past century or so. At one point Anderson states that people tended not to start caring emotionally for their children until they had proved they would survive, usually past age 2. Revenge was common, and a belief that the gods interacted in many ways with mankind was a useful tool in helping to keep the time stream on its correct path. TP agents used the latter quite often to affect their ends (as is seen in the stories mentioned above).

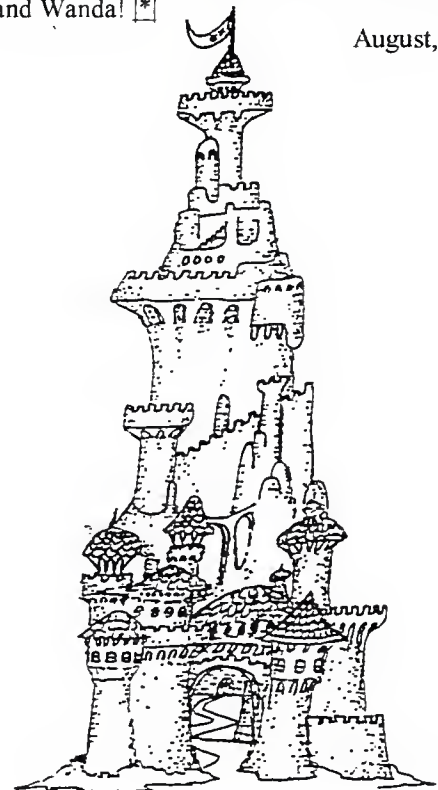
Fighting and war were bloody and messy affairs in ancient times. Doctors and the means to stop pain were not available. With some of the cleanness of killing nowadays, and the plethora of violence in the media, one tends to forget that killing is taking away the consciousness of an individual. Anderson states it thusly, through the words of Manse Everard talking to Wanda after she participated in the killing of Lorenzo in *The Shield of Time*:

"It's always hideous. You know, that's what's obscene about the violence on the screens these days. They gloat over the messiness, like Romans watching gladiators, but they ignore – maybe producers are too stupid to imagine, maybe they haven't the balls to imagine – the real meaning. Which is a life, a mind, a whole world of awareness, stamped out, forever."

The Shield of Time, p. 355

The Time Patrol stories by Poul Anderson are more than just a series of time-hopping adventures. There is mystery and intrigue with the search for the proper nexus point, emotional and heartrending experiences as the characters show their weaknesses and human desires, historical interest, and even moralizing. Anderson has an unending series here for exploring all these aspects, and I hope that he will write more to do so. Besides, I would like to find out what happens between Manse and Wanda! [*]

August, 1998



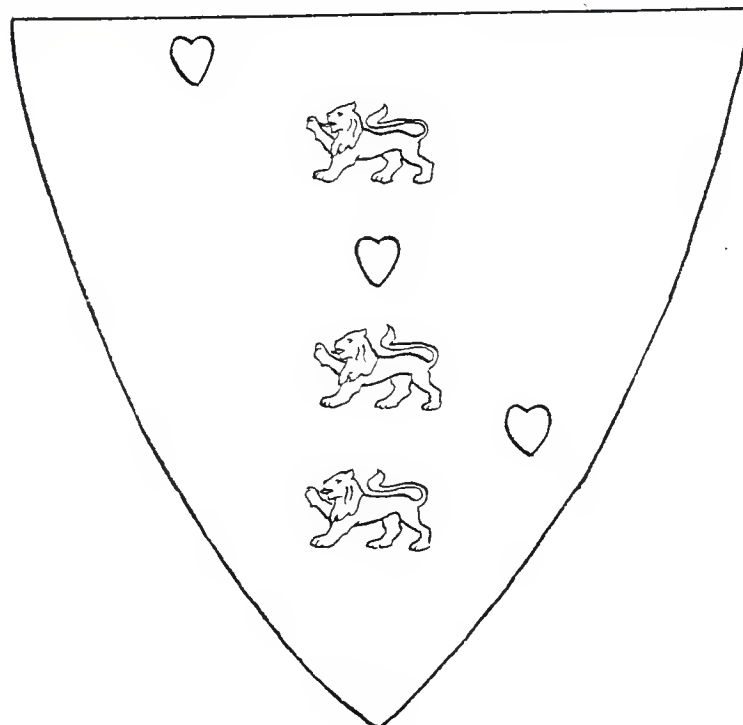
Some time around 1990 or so, Bruce Pelz handed me an envelope at a convention. Inside was a set of drawings by Poul Anderson. He told me that I could have them in appreciation for the number of Lan's Lanterns I had given them over the years. These pieces of art were done and published in a limited edition at the behest of several of Poul's fans. I felt extremely fortunate in getting a copy. After showing them to Tim, he agreed to write up some captions to go along with the drawings. He actually was quite enthusiastic, especially since *Three Hearts* and *Three Lions* as well as *A Midsummer Tempest* are his favorite Anderson novels.

The Art of *Poul Anderson*

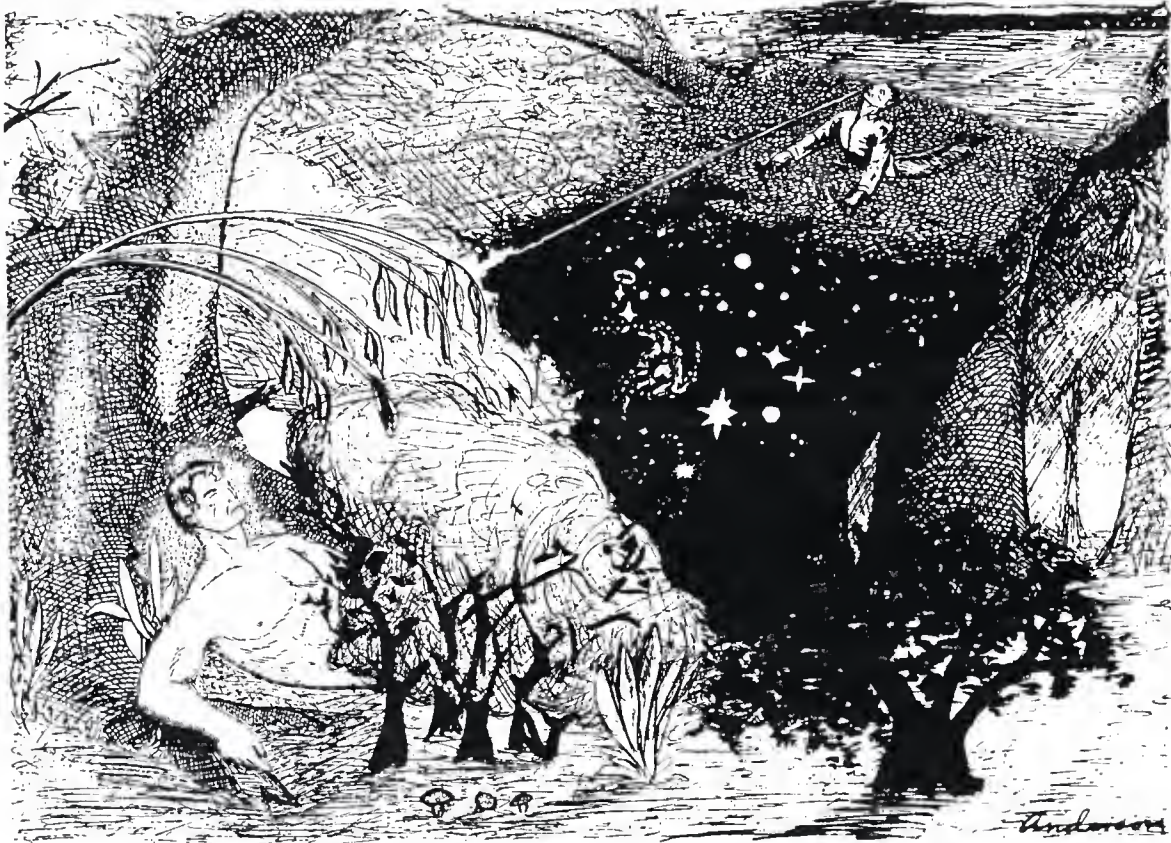
Captions by Timothy Nowinski

Illustrations © by Poul Anderson

THREE HEARTS and THREE LIONS



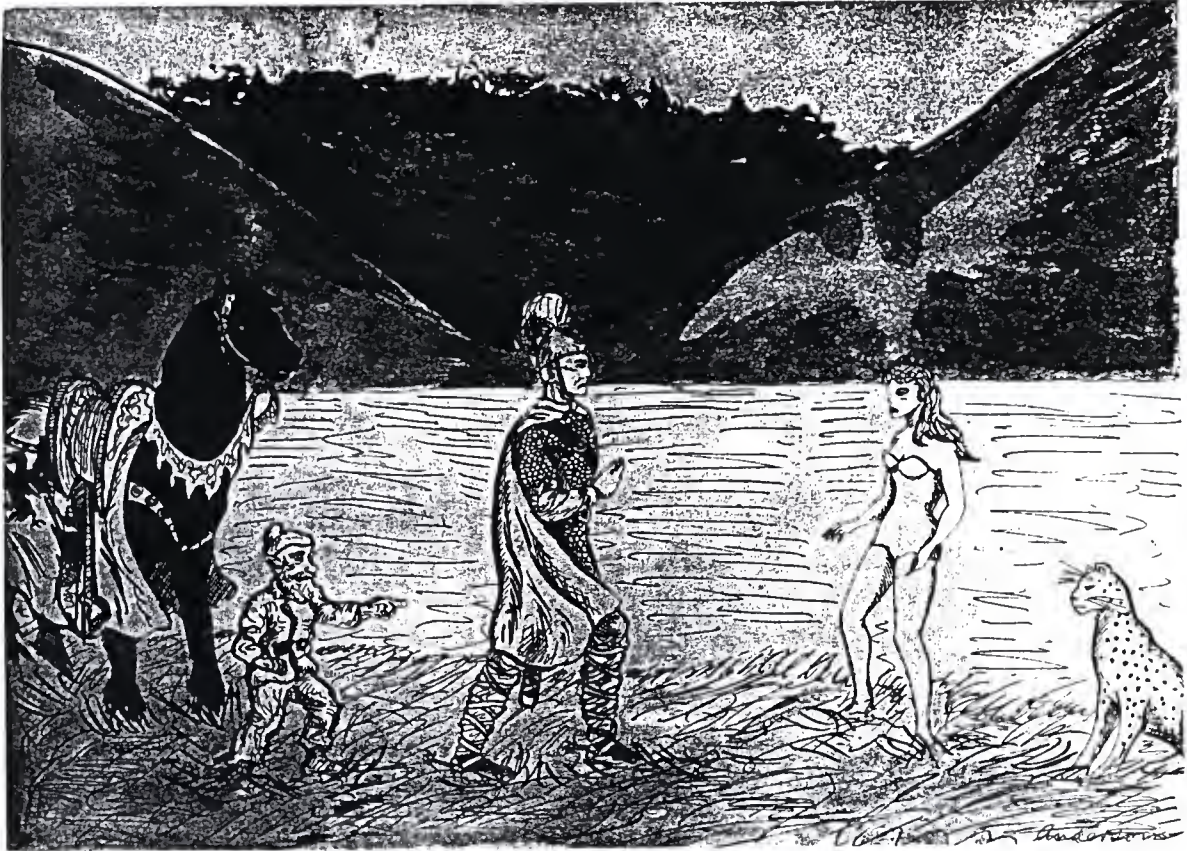
Holger Carlsen is magically transported to an alternate Earth reality. He arrives naked and unconscious; but upon waking, he finds clothes and armor that fit him, and a horse that seems to know him.



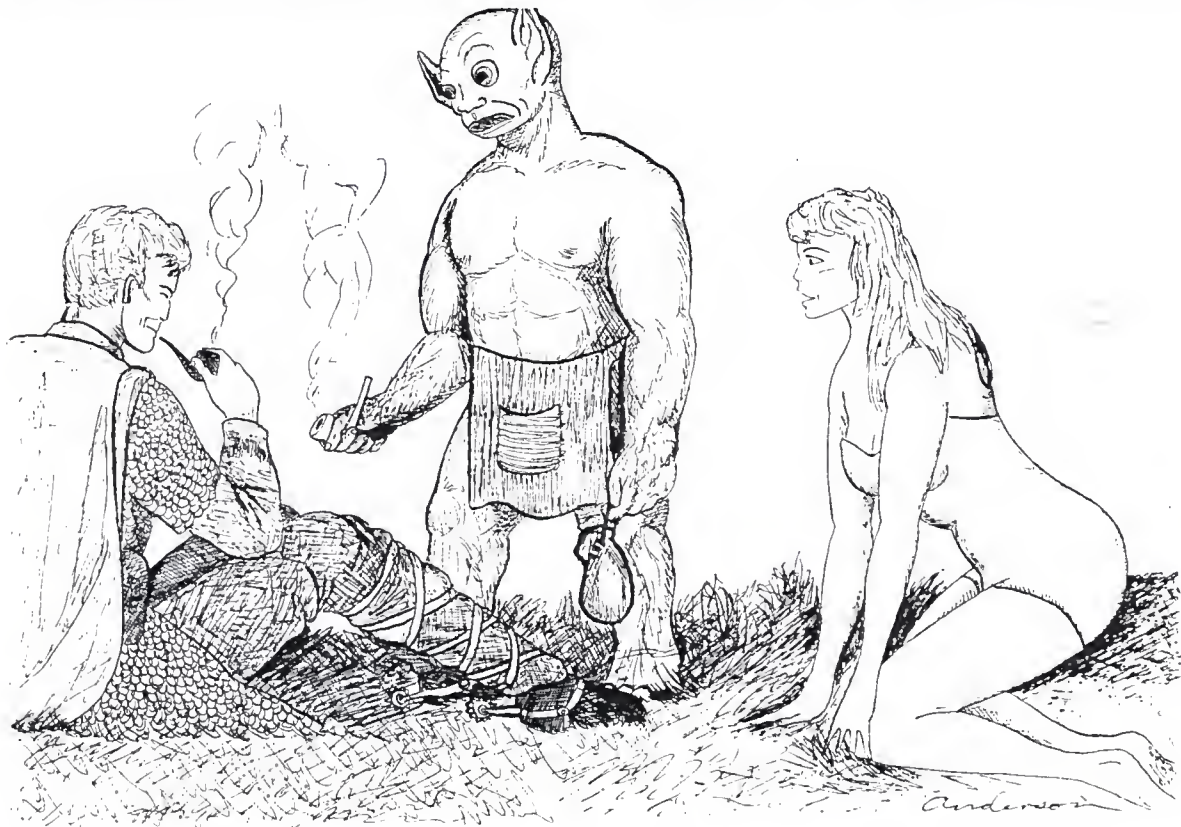
Holger finds the house of Mother Gerd where he spends the night. Mother Gerd is a witch who conjures up a demon for advice. She furnishes Holger with food and supplies, and a guide to the Faerie lands, a dwarf named Hugi.



Holger and Hugo meet Alianora, the swan may, and one of her protectors, a leopard.



The travelers meet a mountain dwarf, the smith Unrich. Holger and Unrich enjoy a smoke together.



Holger and Hugi are welcomed into the Faerie castle by Alfric. Alianora stays outside.



When attacked by a dragon, Holger takes refuge in a river.



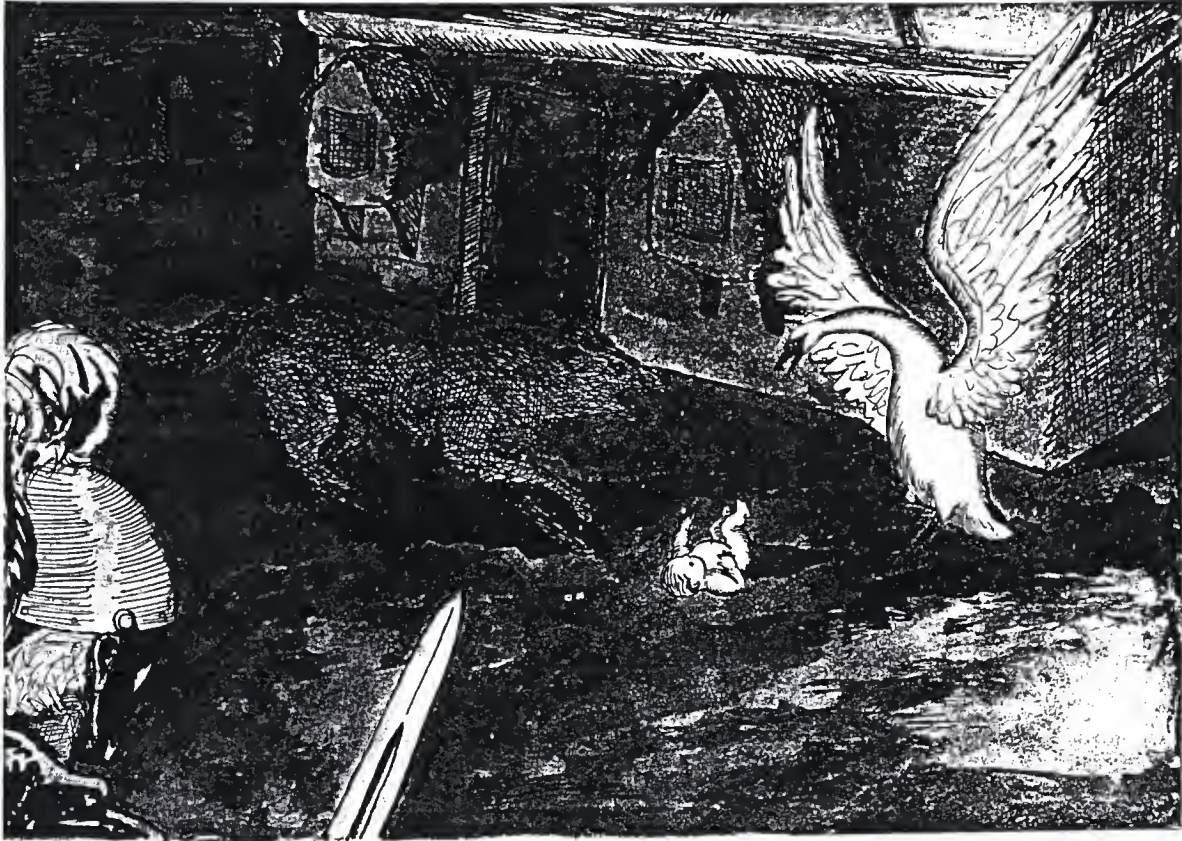
The Enchantress Morgan LeFay tries to seduce Holger and detain him in Avalon.



The giant Balamorg holds the trio captive. Holger challenges him to a riddle contest, which occupies the giant until dawn, when the sun's rays turn Balamorg to stone.



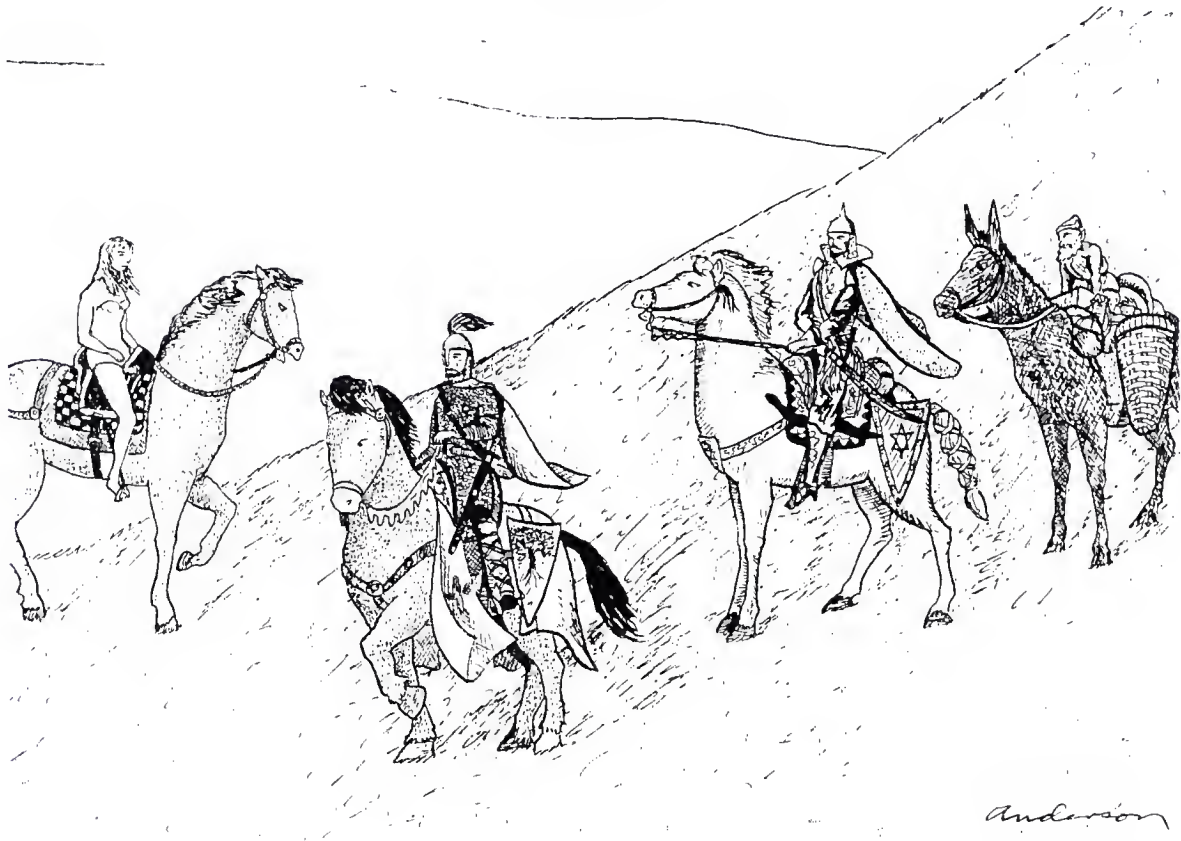
In Lourville, Holger and Alianora capture and unmask a werewolf that has been ravaging the town.



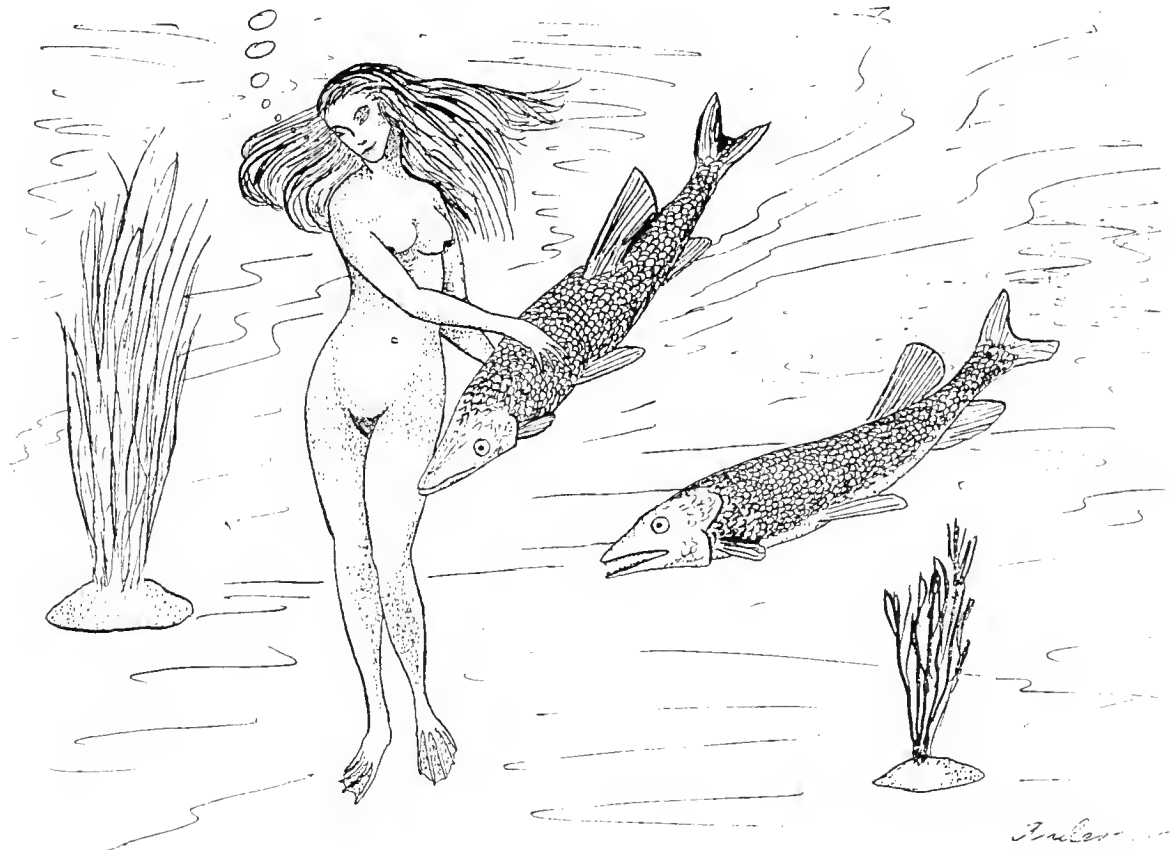
The Saracen, Carahue, tells the story of his adventures to Holger over a cup of ale.



Carahue, Holger, Alianora and Hugi journey together to find the abandoned Church of Saint Grimmin's-of-the-Wold.



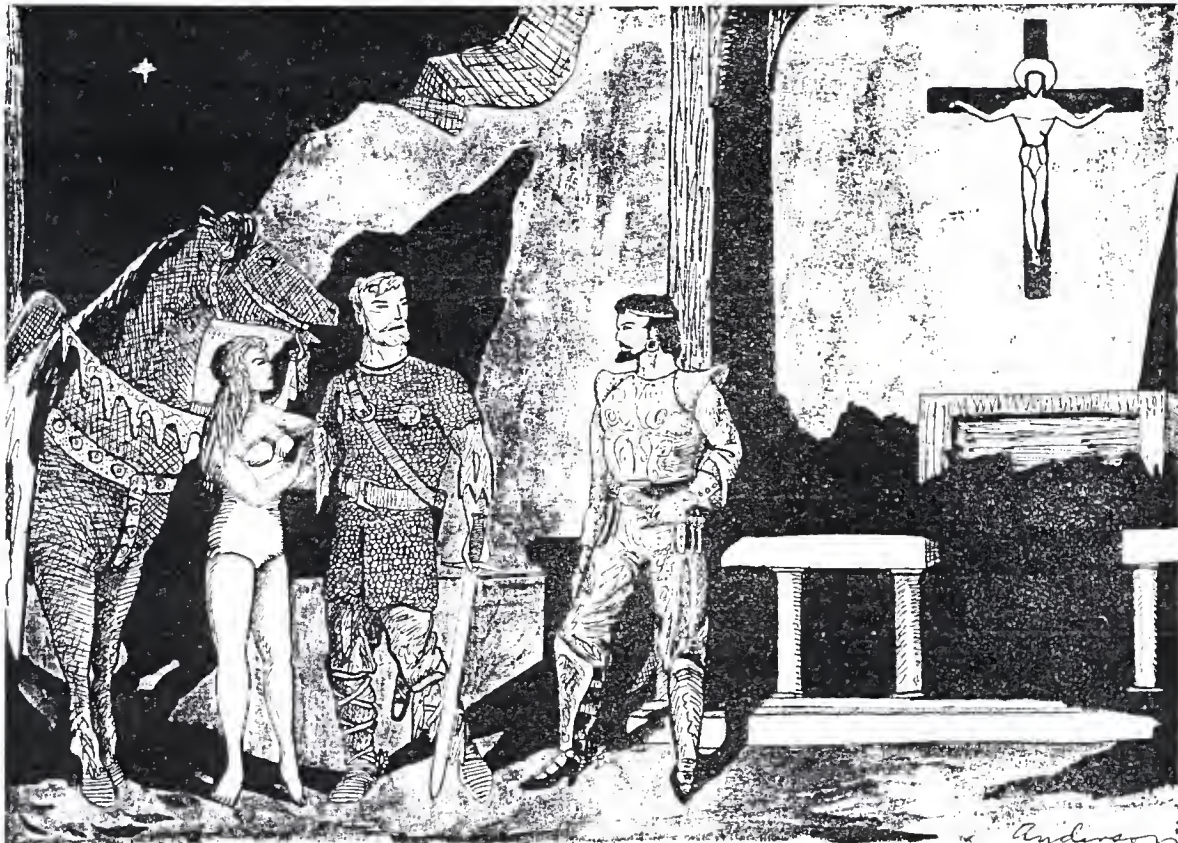
Rusel and her pets capture Holger beneath the waves of a lake. Morgan LeFay ordered Rusel to delay Holger by any means possible.



The group fights off an attack by cannibal hillmen.



At the church of Saint Grimmin's-in-the-Wold, Holger and friends find the enchanted sword Cortana which will be used to turn back the forces of Chaos.



Poul Anderson: A Bibliography

Compiled by Lan

I gathered this material from the books and card file of my own collection; from the "Special Poul Anderson Issue" of *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction (F&SF)*, April 1970, which incorporated material compiled by Roger G. Peyton (*A Checklist of Poul Anderson*, Birmingham, England, 1965), Mark Owings (in *Washington Science Fiction Journal* #69, Washington D.C., 1970) and Captain Terry N. Taylor; from *The Best From Fantasy and Science Fiction: A Special 25th Anniversary Anthology*, edited by Edward L. Ferman, Acc. 1974; from *The Encyclopedia of Science Fiction*, edited by Peter Nicholls and John Clute, © 1993; from *The New Encyclopedia of Science Fiction*, edited by James E. Gunn. I have tried to make this as complete as possible given my resources. Some entries are incomplete since I could not gather all the information needed, like in cross-referencing collections with all the short stories they contain. I have tried to enter the first citation as the earliest publication, which thus is also the initial copyrighted version. Some critical essays about Poul Anderson are also included.

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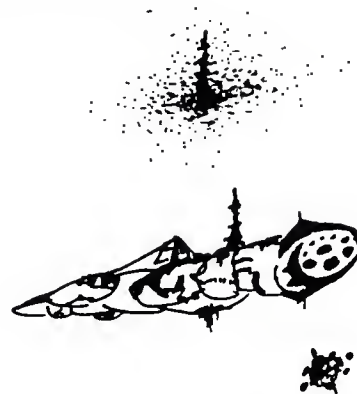


Poul Anderson holding two of his Hugo Awards; photograph courtesy of Howard Devore.

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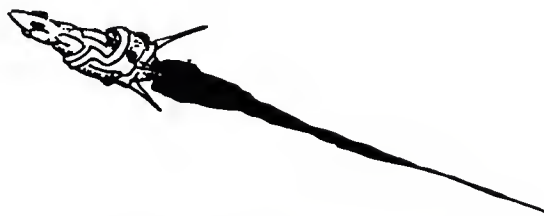
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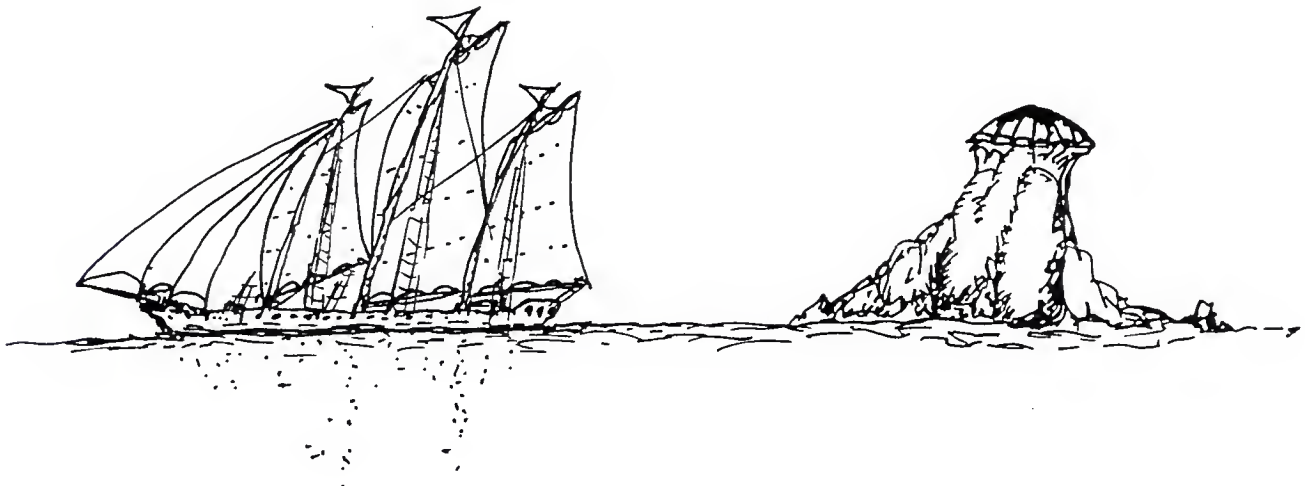
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- "World Called Maanerek, A". (aka and see "Memory").
- World Named Cleopatra, A*. Pyramid, © 1977; an anthology of stories edited by Poul Anderson, based on the world Cleopatra which was developed and created by Poul. Contains: "A World Named Cleopatra" and "A Serpent in Eden" by Poul Anderson, "Faber Master" by Michael Orgill, "Among the Mountains" by Jack Dann, and "Wayside World" by George Zebrowski.
- "World Named Cleopatra, A". © 1974. In *The Many Worlds of Poul Anderson*, a collection of short stories by Poul Anderson, edited by Roger Elwood; In *A World Named Cleopatra*, an anthology edited by Poul Anderson.
- "World of No Stars". (aka and see "Sargasso of Lost Starships").
- "World of the Mad". (aka "Death of a God"). *Imagination*, February 1951.
- "World to Choose, A". (aka "A Logical Conclusion"). *Fantastic*, November 1960.
- World Without Stars*. (aka *The Ancient Gods* and *Mary's Song*). *Analog*, June-July 1966; Ace, F-425, © 1967; In *The Worlds of Poul Anderson*, a collection of three novels; and in *Two Worlds*, a collection of two novels.
- Worlds of Poul Anderson, The*. Ace, © 1974. A collection of three novels: *Planet of No Return*, *World Without Stars*, and *The War of Two Worlds*.
- "Year of the Ransom, The". © 1988. In *The Time Patrol*, Tor/SFBC, © 1991, a collection by Poul Anderson.
- "Yo Ho Hoka!". (with Gordon R. Dickson). *F&SF*, March 1955. In *Earthman's Burden*, a collection of Hoka stories by Poul Anderson and Gordon R. Dickson.



skillful use of previously published materials about the author.

William Goodson in the letter section mentions *Farmer in the Sky* as an example of a Heinlein habit of glossing over something that would make his setting or plot dubious. My own favorite in this respect is "The Roads Must Roll," which never explains how they roll. If they turn at each end of the road to come back in the opposite direction, how do they do it without cracking the solid, rigid concrete? If they consist of short sections of road to permit a turn, how do they prevent structures and users from falling into the cracks? If a person who lives just east of a north-south rolling road gets onto it to go to a destination to the north, how does he get back with the southbound section on the far side of the road? How do people on the road's fastest sections keep their balance in the equivalent of a mile-per-minute wind? How would east-west roads, railroads, rivers and other things get to the other side of that road? Governments today can't keep up with road-building and maintenance because of the expense involved; how could rolling roads with thousands of employees constantly on duty be financed?

Sam Long's question about the pronunciation of Fritz Leiber's name symbolizes a need that I've been trying to point out for years. We badly need a pronunciation guide to all the doubtful names in fandom and prodom. The need might not be so great today because quite a bit of convention proceedings are taped and proper pronunciations could be heard there. But there's little except the memory of the oldest fans and pros to settle pronunciation questions for many persons who were active decades ago. One example is John Michel, who was so prominent in the New York fandom feuds. In conversations with fans, I've heard Michel pronounced about four different ways. I seem to remember having been told by one of the Futurians that he pronounced it just like the female given name, Michelle; a short i, the second syllable like "shell," and the accent on the second syllable. But I no longer trust my memory for anything any more.

[[I think Hal's output was limited because he was primarily teaching in a private school and only wrote part time. Being in a private school myself, I know the demands made on a teacher's time. But yes, I'd say that he has a generally good track record of excellent stories that he's written. It seems that aside from you and Harry Harrison, the only other with that given name in SF is Harry Turtledove, who, in his early career, wrote under the penname of Eric Iverson. I'm sure that other avid readers of Heinlein can come up with examples of his glossing over things that might make his plots or settings dubious. Maybe I'll hear from them. A pronunciation guide to the names of fans, artists, and authors would be very helpful, especially to the fist name of the subject of this special, Poul Anderson!]]

Sheryl Birkhead
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I agree with you on Hal Clement writing hard SF. Good, strong science is hard to come by. Interesting to see the information on the Isaac Asimov Award for popularization of science by Lunacon. I have not been to a Lunacon (or any con for that matter) in quite some time and was totally

unaware of the award.

Gregory Litchfield did a very nice job for you on the font cover. Cathy Buburuz' back cover is striking, although, with its large areas of solid black, part of the illo is burned (if that is a proper term for non-black areas). You always manage to come up with quite a few pleasing fillos – long may that tradition continue.

[[There are lots of awards that continue to be instituted, and it is difficult to keep track of them all. // I hope to continue using good illustrations and artwork, though my supply is dwindling. I'll have to solicit more]]

Algis Budrys A Hal Clement issue was long overdue, and I look forward to reading it.

Lloyd Penney
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|
Baltimore.

The Tucker Special was a great read. What was his response to it? I don't get to cross the border very often these days, so there's no chance to see him again. But perhaps he might be in

[[I have not heard from Tucker himself, but according to M. David Brim, the chairman of Chambanacon where the issue was released, Tucker was extremely happy with the tribute. It was sprung on him at the banquet, and everyone in attendance received a copy. Did Tucker attend the Worldcon in Baltimore?]]

Sheryl Birkhead
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Thank you for doing the Tucker 23629 Special. It reminds me that Jackie is gone – the one who started the Tucker Bag to get him Down Under. Appreciate our own while they can appreciate it themselves.

I have only two stories about Tucker. One is of no interest to anyone, and the other only to me. He is indeed a gentleman (in various senses of the word), and easily approached. My main problem was that, as shy as I am, he always had places to be and people to meet and I was not pushy enough to ask to tag along. But he is kind to the newest of neos. The trip Down Under – the Tucker Fund goal – had some interesting tales, like smoothing the stewardesses with fruit juice....

Unless I tossed it (which I doubt), I should have one of Tucker's cards, but no blanks filled and nothing written in.

Tucker was there when I met Walt Liebscher and I can appreciate the consideration he showed a friend.

There is just not an easy way to describe Tucker (as Maia wrote). I hope he realizes how much his "family" loves him.

This reminds me that I need to look at the Tucker books I have to see if I ever got around to having them autographed. If not, they get added to the pile of James White's books – I couldn't find him at "his" Worldcon to get the Sector General stuff autographed. Yeah, I'll do it – realsoonnow!

Again, thank you. I honestly think that Bill Rotsler knew how much he was loved. Hope Tucker does too.

[[I purchased several art pieces of Jackie Franke Causgrove in my early days, and kept them all these years. I now have a

chance to use a couple in this Anderson special. I am sure that Tucker knows how much he is loved, but being reminded of that never hurts.]]

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I found this article about Bob Tucker among the papers accumulated and stored through a couple of moves. I'm sorry it missed the Tucker Special, but it fits well with the other comments about Bob.

Sorry I Missed Bob

By John Thiel

A person can be so appalled by a man's stature and celebrity as a writer that he is afraid to approach him – so much so that he can live in the same town with him for two years and never once exchange so much as a word with him.

Bloomington, Illinois, was indeed a town in the 1950s, before urbanization made its approach to its tight confines. There was a university in it, ISNU, but its teams didn't always come out in front. You'd just see the cheerleaders standing in the street.

The high school was a tame, timid place contributing nothing to life's problems and giving one the impression that placidity was the Key to Existence. I was a member of the Short Story Club in this school. I brought up Tucker's name there to instigate my courage, and the woman in charge of the club said that she had, indeed, heard of him, but the only description she could give me of the man was that he was unapproachable. Hell, if I'd've said "Smooooth" to him, I would have said the right thing. But neither she nor I knew the right thing.

I had received a postcard from Tucker and managed to get an issue of his fanzine, which I remember as being two sheets of paper long. I also had two of his books in paperback editions – *Wild Talent* and *The Long Loud Silence*. These were far too impressive pieces of work for our exchange by mail to give me any confidence. When my family moved from Markham, Illinois, to Bloomington in 1959, I visualized myself holding the postcard and fanzine in my hands as I approached him, and having them turn into a form of ID, but lost heart.

Nor does a person show an author his own manuscripts. One of the worries I had was that he would behave like some of the people in his own books if a person who wasn't a writer came up to see him about such manuscripts. What if he said something to me like the people say in *The Long Loud Silence*? There really isn't any way to answer what those people say. Or what if he resented my approaching him the way his character Paul Breen always resented company?

So I never did get to meet him. What a valuable contribution to Lan's tribute issue it would have made if I had! But at least I have been able to offer a few points of *milien* about the town in which he lived.

I returned to that town in the 1960s. Having been in the army, I had decided that I was now old and courageous enough to meet Tucker. When I started asking around if anyone knew him, I was told that no one did. This was

strange. But one fellow I asked said that he had met some people who appreciated science fiction. He and his friends took me over to meet two fellows named Willie and Bob (coincidentally they had between them both of Tucker's first names). Willie had a mimeograph and said that he had once belonged to the apazine FAPA. I told them that I would like to meet Bob Tucker, and asked if he were still a motion picture projectionist at the local movie theater. Willie told me that he had once worked as a projectionist with him, but, "Nah, he don't work there no more." So he was unable to introduce me to this celebrity.

While in Bloomington, I found and read a copy of *The Time Masters*. To me it resembled my attempts to make Tucker's acquaintance, including the put-downs and sarcastic comments the characters are such masters at.

I ended up being the last to hear about his novel, *The Lincoln Hunters*, even though I had been many times in the library he recognizes in its dedication.

Many years passed, and during that time I was not reading science fiction. Once I started again, I attended the 1976 Windycon. Tucker was there, on stage with other fans and professional writers, so I can at least say I saw him. But I did not, of course, get a chance to speak to him. He was still as imposing a figure as ever.

I'll let you in on it. You read one of his books and tell me if you would not be intimidated by your own efforts to try to meet Wilson Tucker. Read *The Long Loud Silence*. Some people are just too lofty and imposing. That's the long and short of it – especially to a neofan.

It was only after this convention that I saw Tucker's *Neofan's Guide* for the first time. Why didn't someone tell me early on that the man had a guidebook?

Still, Tucker is one of the most notable writers in the science fiction field. You may take the word of someone who has not even met him. [*]

